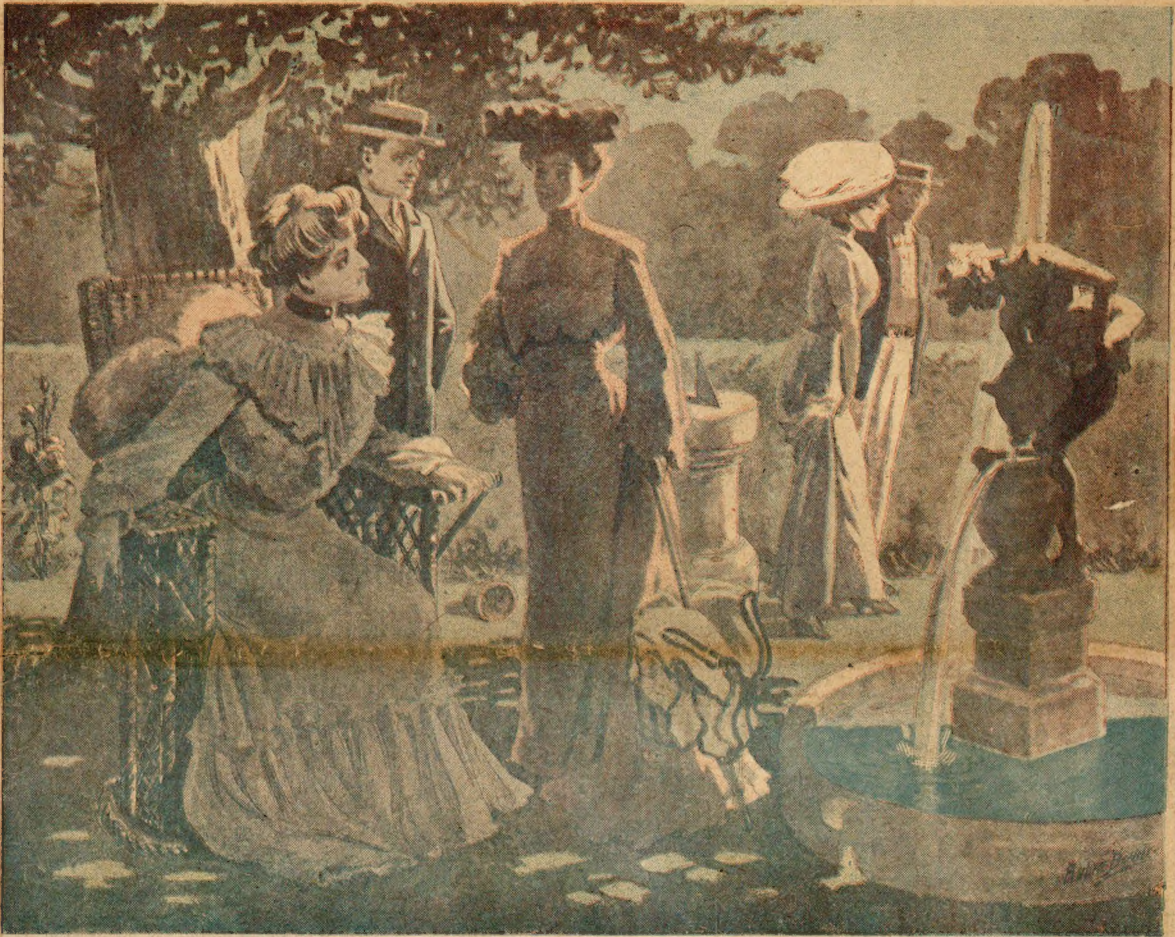
CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XXXIX. NO. 44. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1911. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.



The First Wife's Son;

Or, A BROTHER'S BIRTHRIGHT

By GRANVILLE OSBORNE

CHAPTER I.

AT ST. MARY'S Church, West Ildesleigh, on the fourteenth instant, by the Rev. Thomas Marwood, father of the bride, assisted by the Rev. Henry Lawson, James Elderslie Gower, third son of Sir Edward Gower, to Eleanor, eldest daughter of the Rev. Thomas Marwood, Rector of St. Mary's West Ildesleigh, Blankshire."

* * * * * *

Cora Gwynne stood, the paper containing the fateful notice clutched tightly in her white hands. Every trace of color had faded from her face, and in her stillness, her death-like pallor, the blankness of her widely-opened eyes, she suggested a beautiful statue rather than a living woman. This impression was intensified by the white dressing-gown she wore—a long robe of cashmere which fell in heavy folds to her feet.

Married! and to that girl! The glass flashed back her own reflection, and a little color came to her cheeks, her lips curved in a bitter smile; there was an angry gleam in the gray eyes. Slowly she moved towards the mirror her long hair falling over her shoulder in a stream of ruddy gold. For a minute she gazed at her own reflected beauty. No, he could not have tired of her, could not have forgotten her—certainly not for Eleanor Marwood, with her fair hair, her pale, neutral face and slender figure. It is at once the misfortune and the fault of such women as Cora Gwynne that they regard physical beauty as the source of what they call love.

There had been little respect mingled with the passionate feeling with which Cora regarded her handsome lover of former days; and it was with a good deal of contempt and impatience that she had heard other girls praised for their womanly charms and virtues. It was all "cant," Cora was wont to say, shrugging her shoulders. Certainly a woman should not be wicked but men did not love women just because they were good. A man looked first at a woman's face and figure, afterwards at her heart; and he could forgive a great deal to a girl who was beautiful.

No, he loved her yet—he must love her! They had parted in furious anger after a quarrel—one of the many quarrels caused by her imperiousness, her vanity, her haughty, overbearing temper, her pride and jealousy. It had been her habit to boast that, no matter how angry he was when he left her, the thought of her beauty always drew him back to her side.

This time, however, he had not come back. Her words had been too bitter, too violent; he had broken his chain. Days had become weeks, weeks months. It was a year ago today since they had parted, and today's papers contained the announcement of his marriage with Eleanor Marwood.

No doubt he had married her in a fit of pique; no doubt it was done to show her, Cora Gwynne, that he was no longer her slave; no doubt Eleanor had "caught him on the rebound," and tried very hard to land him. Cora's philosophy of life cheap and cynical as it was, supplied her with a dozen of such vulgar sneers and spiteful platitudes; but when all was said and done there was little comfort to be got out of mockery, of pride, even of the triumphant certainty of her own great beauty. Cora was a woman and young in years, and deep down in her heart—so deep down that she herself ignored its existence, there was a well of pure feeling.

Her love for handsome Jim Gower was not the pure gold of nobler women; but alloyed with baser passions as it was, with vanity, pride and arrogance, she loved him. Even while she was gazing at her own fair image, a bitter cry arose to her lips as she realized that the praise and flattery of others was nothing to her now that she no longer might hear his voice speaking tender words of admiration.

She pushed back her long, silken hair—that wonderful hair which he had fondled with his hands and lips—and passionate tears of unavailing regret and sorrow and rage welled up in the beautiful eyes and fell fast over her cheeks. She sank into a low chair and sobbed recklessly and despairingly.

It was too late—too late! If she had known sooner, she told herself, she might have repented of her cruel words, she might have tried to "make it up," but now it was too late. All that—however she had undervalued it—had made life sweet and precious was gone from her, and into her empty heart what demons would enter and take possession?

* * * * * *

"Nellie, you must be reasonable!" Jim Gower said to his young wife one day about a month after the return from their honeymoon. "Other men have to leave their wives; its the fortune of war. Look at all the fellows in the army who are going out to South Africa, not one of them knowing whether he'll come back alive or not.

You must be brave, little girl. Come now, if you were a dutiful wife, you would be quite proud and thankful that your unworthy husband had been appointed war correspondent to such a paper as the Rampart."

"I am proud, dear," Eleanor replied, a quiver in her voice, "and I don't think I'm unreasonable, Jim. I've thought it all out. You mustn't suppose I'm just a sentimental girl who wants to follow her husband without knowing or caring exactly where he's going or whether she'd be in his way or not. You know, father has a friend, a Dutch clergyman, in Cape Town, and he and his wife asked more than a year ago that I should be sent out on a visit to them. Indeed, I would probably have gone, only—well, you know what happened. Why should I not go to them now? Indeed, dear Jim, it is not a caprice—it is a wife's duty, father says, to be with her husband as long as she can."

It was soon settled. Eleanor was the strongest character, and her husband yielded to her wishes. There was perhaps a little impatience mingled with his feeling of real pleasure at her devotion. His marriage with this gentle, quiet girl had so far been a success; he had almost persuaded himself that a quiet domestic life suited him, that he had ceased to regret Cora Gwynne, with her magnificent beauty and her unmanagable temper. "Little Nellie" was—as becomes a girl who accepts the discarded lover of another woman—very affectionate, very submissive, very dutiful. It was easy to fancy himself fond of her. Still, he had looked forward to the day on which he would bid her good-by and set sail for South Africa.

The third son of a baronet, Jim Gower had wealthy and influential relatives and friends who would no doubt have helped him to push his fortunes either in the army or at the bar; but he had from childhood shown a penchant for literature and was earning a modest living as an "occasional contributor" to various papers and magazines at the time of his marriage. He had been introduced to the editor of the Rampart by a mutual friend; and a brilliant descriptive article written for that paper had secured his appointment as war correspondent when the Boer War of 1881 broke out in South Africa. The next few months were months of "glorious life," months of roving adventures, during which Jim Gower thought seldom enough of the girl he had left in Cape Town in care of the good Dutch pastor and his wife. Twice he was able to pay a brief visit to Eleanor and an occasional message from him reached her. Then came a long period of silence and anxiety, made all the harder to bear by the knowledge that she was soon to be a mother.

Eleanor's baby was born on the day of the battle of Majuba Hill; but the delicate young mother did not live to look upon the son whom she had in so many fond and proud dreams held up to her husband's arms. The great joy to which she had tremblingly looked forward was not to be hers. Yet death, in closing her eyes, had saved her from a bitter sorrow.

"Ah, my poor little friend!" said the wife of the Dutch clergyman as she looked down on the pale face. "Ah, my poor little friend, was it a mercy, after all that you did not live to see your son?" Her husband rebuked her, but she continued to shake her head, gazing mournfully down on the tiny creature she held in her arms.

"You are not a woman, my good Piet. You don't understand how a woman feels about her children—what a pride she takes in seeing them straight and blooming and handsome, what agony she feels when she knows that people will point and stare and mock——"

"You are exaggerating," the clergyman said mildly; "the poor little boy is not ugly. He may have a beautiful face—see what fine eyes he has!—and a stunted and deformed body has often been the prison-house of a great heart."

"Yes, you are right," his wife said submissively; but she continued to look, with an infinite pity in her kind blue eyes, at the chid in her arms.

Eleanor's baby was a hunch-back.

* * * * * *

A few days later Jim Gower reached Cape Town. The news of his wife's death had come to him just as he was finishing a "special" for his paper. He had dispatched the article and had started for Cape Town.

He felt genuine grief. If "little Nellie" had lived, he might—he probably would—have wearied of her, of her devotion, her quiet, undemonstrative love, her plain face and general lack of brilliancy; but Nellie dead must forever remain a very tender memory.

Tears rose to his eyes as he drew near to the clergyman's house, where she had waited so patiently and lovingly ere she lay down to sleep her last sleep. How utterly unworthy of her he had been—he who had married her!

He checked the thought. Not even to himself would he admit that he had married Eleanor Marwood because Cora Gwynne's face so haunted him that there had been a fierce wish in his heart that Cora might somehow know how fond his little wife was of him, how loving and dutiful and obedient she was. He thrust the idea from him, and hurriedly, blindly went on through the unfamiliar town now wrapped in the intense stillness of early morning.

A chance wayfarer directed him to the Dutch pastor's house, and he was soon looking down with curiously mingled feelings, on the child whom the good people had placed in his arms.

"The English doctor says the child is healthy enough," the clergyman anxiously assured the young father. "Do not mind what my wife says—women care more for a straight body than for a clever head or a good heart. Perhaps your little one will some day be a great man, though outwardly he is not as other men."

"Thank you!" was all Gower could falter, as he pressed the kind hand.

"The English doctor is lodging here," the pastor's wife said. "He is a very good man and very clever. He has a young lady with him—his niece—who has been very ill, and whom he brought out here some months ago to regain health. I think they have just risen; yes; I hear them descending the stairs. She is very pretty."

Gower, absorbed in painful thoughts as he was—took very little notice of what the good woman was saying. There was the sound of footsteps on the stairs, a man's voice speaking, and a low reply; and then suddenly the door of the room was opened, and there stood on the threshold a gray-haired man and a woman, young and tall and beautiful, her stately head crowned by a mass of smooth red-golden hair.

For a moment the intruders stood still in surprise; then, with a few words of apology, the doctor was about to withdraw, but his companion, after one swift glance around, walked quietly into the room and stood face to face with Gower, who still held the infant in his arms.

It was Cora Gwynne; and as she raised her eyes, from the child to his father's face, a low laugh broke from her lips.

CHAPTER II.

"For my sake, Jim—for my sake!" The words were spoken very low; the beautiful face was very close to his; the red-golden hair fell down in a shining glory and touched his hands.

"For my sake, Jim—for my sake!" own dear husband! It will not be wrong, it can harm no one, and no one will find it out. Jim—Jim, isn't my baby your own son, too? Haven't I always been kind to poor Eleanor's little boy? It will not be wronging him—indeed it will not. I could never forget he was your son, Jim, even if I did not love the poor little creature himself. But just think! What sort of position would Leslie have as your heir—the heir of a baronetcy? Just think how people would stare and mock and pity when you—Sir James Gower—presented them with your son and heir—a hunch-back?"

"Don't Cora!" her husband exclaimed, a dark shadow crossing his handsome face. "What you wish me to do would be a crime. Poor Leslie is my eldest-born—the child of a good woman who loved me well; and I cannot, I dare not, let his birthright pass to your son!"

Cora had risen to her feet her face white, a dangerous light in her beautiful eyes.

"She loved you well," she panted; "and I—have I not loved you? Eleanor Marwood married you because she had no one else to marry! People can never say that about me. You know what I have refused—wealth, lands, titles—and all for your sake. You know how I humiliated myself, how I intrigued to follow you out here, how I bowed down my pride to take you—you, Eleanor Marwood's husband! Jim, Jim—" and she came towards him with outstretched hands and streaming eyes—"Jim, you know I love you! You do love me—you loved me all the time, though you were angry with me!"

"Yes, yes!" he said tenderly. The beautiful head was resting on his shoulder; he was stroking the golden hair, gazing into the luminous depths of the dark-fringed eyes.

"Jim," Cora went on, catching her breath with a sobbing sound that was partly real, partly artificial. "I'm jealous of Eleanor—terribly jealous! It's wicked I know—horribly wicked, but I can't help it! Ah, if you knew how terribly I suffered during those months you were married!"

"Don't speak of it, Cora—don't speak of it, darling?"

"I must, I must!" she replied, half hysterically. "I have you now, but I never can feel sure that you are all my own. Some times in the night I awake suddenly, crying, because I have dreamed that I was back in that terrible time. If you would only give me a proof of your love, Jim! If you would just do this thing for my sake!"

Spellbound by her wonderful beauty, he no longer attempted to cast her off, but looked and listened as the first man looked and listened to his temptress long ago.

"You mustn't think, Jim," the soft voice went on, "that it is only of myself I am thinking; for my whole life is so bound up in yours that it would not be possible for our interests to be separate. I want to spare you the suffering the shame, that a man of your nature must feel when he knows that his first-born son, the heir to his name and estates, is an object of pity. Ah, I can see you wince at the bare idea! It would be cruel to poor Leslie himself to force him into a position for which he is physically unfitted. If he never knows that he has lost an estate, and a title, he will never feel any regret for them. He will be quite happy as Edward's younger brother; and it will be quite easy to do it, Jim. The children are so young—they will not remember that we have changed their names. Hardly any one out here knows which of them is the elder; there are not two years between them after all, and Eddie will soon be far bigger and stronger than poor little Leslie. Every one will think he is the elder."

She was smiling now as she looked up at him, the red lips parting to show her snowy teeth.

"Cora, Cora, you don't know what you are saying! A woman—especially a woman as lovely as you are—is accustomed to think that her own wishes and feelings may set aside man's laws——"

"You are afraid!" she exclaimed tauntingly.

"I am afraid—not just because the act would be illegal, but because it would break a law higher than man's. There has always been something solemn and sacred in the right of the first-born son. No, no, Cora; I love you as I never before loved a woman—I did wrong when I married poor Nellie; but I cannot, I dare not add to that wrong by robbing poor Leslie of his rights!"

She had turned from him, and was looking down into the cot in which the two children lay asleep—Eddie, a boy a year old, fair and rosy, with strong limbs and golden curls; Leslie, nearly three, but frail and tiny. His face, with the great eyes closed and the curled lashes blotting the waxen cheeks, somehow suggested a white flower. The father's heart-strings tightened as he gazed, and Cora's words struck home and rankled as she had meant they should.

"It would have made me fonder of Leslie," she said quietly.

A spasm of emotion convulsed Jim Gower's handsome effeminate face. He loved the poor little boy with that tender, passionate love which is largely compounded of pity. What a frail little life it was! How likely that it would never come to maturity. Was it not the main thing after all that Leslie should be made as happy as possible? The child had already given evidences of an affectionate hyper-sensitive temperament—one of those dispositions, which find happiness only in loving and in feeling themselves beloved. Jim Gower did not exactly distrust his beautiful wife; but a man of his type has seldom a really high opinion of a woman. Cora had always, as she now said, been kind to Eleanor's son; but Gower knew that she was capable of fits of blind, jealous rage, and he feared the threat implied in her last words. The woman saw the anxiety in his face, and skilfully played on the fatherly feeling she had roused and alarmed.

"Jim, I do love poor little Leslie—at least, I could love him dearly if I had not always that horrible thought that he was keeping my own child out of his rights; for after all, Jim, Eddie ought to have been your eldest son."

Gower made no reply, and Cora went quietly from the nursery, leaving him bending over the cot. There was a flush in her cheeks, a triumphant light in her eyes. She would bide her time.

The death of old Sir Edward Gower had followed hard upon those of his two eldest sons; his first-born had been killed, by an accident in the hunting-field; his second son, Captain Gower, had taken part in the South African campaign and had succumbed to enteric fever. The old man, in ill-health, had not long survived those two heavy blows; and now Jim Gower, the clever journalist, was Sir James Gower.

Very little had been heard of him during the past few years. People knew that, soon after his marriage with the daughter of the Rector of West Ildesleigh, he had been appointed a war correspondent and had gone out to South Africa, taking his young wife with him. The birth of a son and Eleanor's death had been duly announced, and not a year later Gower's second marriage to Cora Gwynne.

Some indignant feeling had been aroused among Eleanor's relatives and their friends; but now many people who had been commenting severely on the fickleness and heartlessness of Jim Gower, journalist, were ready enough to welcome Sir James and Lady Gower. Little Eddie had been born a year after Jim's second marriage and had, at Cora's request, been named after his grandfather.

After her first passion of despairing grief on hearing of Gower's marriage to Eleanor, Cora had sunk into a melancholy from which it seemed impossible to rouse her. Her aunt, with whom she lived—for she was an orphan—had at length become seriously alarmed, and had eagerly grasped at the suggestion of her brother Doctor Gwynn, when he had proposed that his niece should accompany him on his return to South Africa. It was Cora herself who had really started the idea, but by means only of skilful hints; and when her relatives urged her to go she feigned reluctance and hesitation, though she was burning with the longing to be near to her lover and his wife—to watch them, no matter how cruelly it tortured her.

Three months of lonely brooding had wrought a change in Cora Gwynne's character. Perhaps they had merely developed what was already there; but Cora, when she set sail for South Africa, was a worse woman than the Cora of a year ago. Then she had been vain and overbearing, passionate and haughty; but now she was filled with a bitter vindictiveness, a wild longing for revenge. She had learned also to scheme and plan, to hide her feelings of hate and anger under a mask of fair words and smiles.

Her beauty was still her tool, but she used it to baser ends and with a more conscious art.

When she had come face to face with Gower in the pastor's house, all her anger and bitterness had welled up and completely overmastered her. Her one desire had been to wound this man as cruelly as he had wounded her and the taunting laugh had escaped her lips, as she looked down on the child of the woman she hated.

The next day, however, meeting Gower by chance, Cora was all gentleness and penitence, and her wonderful beauty was heightened by the emotion she displayed. She begged him to forget her behavior, explained it as the result of the shock of seeing him, of her overwrought feelings.

They met again and again. Cora was urged on partly by the love she still felt for Gower, partly by her determination to oust the dead woman who had been his wife. She knew that she would never be happy—that that shadow would always be between them; but she played her part, fiercely determined to win, and in less than a year she was Jim Gower's wife.

It was true that she had, as she said, been kind to little Leslie. She was still too much of a woman to be able to shut her heart to a little child, especially one who was afflicted; and her own motherhood had softened her to Eleanor's son. Still, there were times when she nearly hated him for the memories that clung about him, and, as she watched little Edward growing daily stronger and handsomer, jealousy of the little hunchback, who was keeping him from his "rights," was added to her own bitter jealousy of the dead girl whom Gower had first given the name of wife. A scheme which would gratify both her revenge and her ambition was gradually formed in her brain.

It would be so easy! Leslie was very small, very backward and childish for his age, Eddie so big and strong and bright. Just to alter their names—it would be easy enough to teach two little children that! Jim had had success with a novel which dealt with South African life and they had remained abroad, leading a pleasanut, roaming life, he gathering materials for a second work. No one at home knew that Leslie was deformed; and they could dismiss every one in their employment before they left South Africa. Absorbed in each other and the children and in planning Jim's next book, they had made few acquaintances.

It would be very easy—all except one thing. Cora Gower told herself, with a bitter smile, that she must be prepared to deal a blow at her own motherly pride. It was bitter to think that people would suppose that Leslie was her own son and that her beautiful boy was Eleanor's.

"But he will be Jim's heir one day," she said to herself, "and I shall get rid of that terrible feeling I have towards poor little Leslie. I shall be able to love him almost as well as if he were really my son."

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this remarkable story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so.

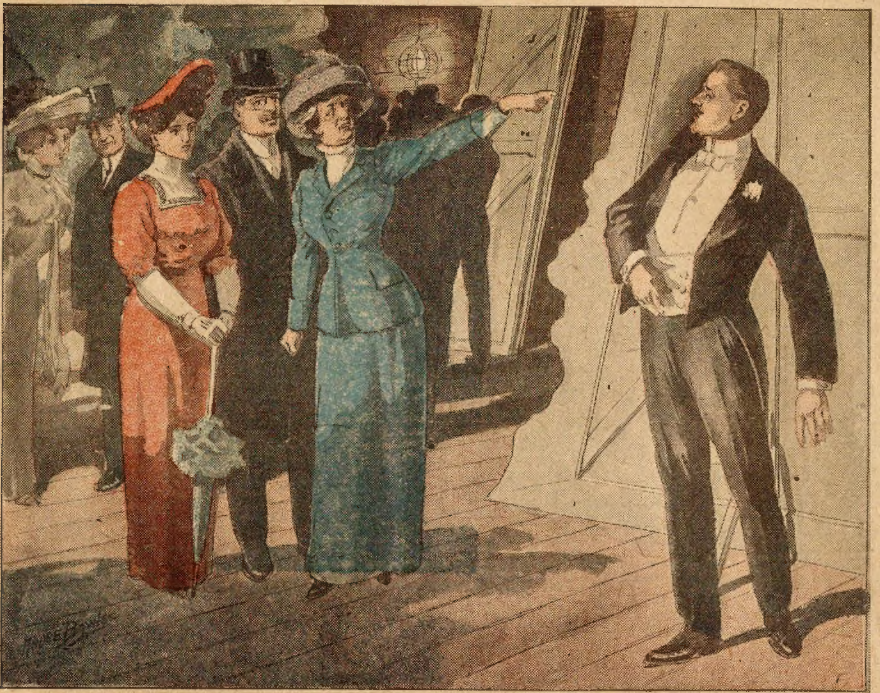
In Broad Daylight.

The calm of an Eastern city was disturbed by a sharp, crackling report, and then the people in Smithfield street saw a man drop to the sidewalk and lie still. Plainly, it was murder. In an instant the still form was surrounded by a crowd of people, and not a minute later a wagon load of policemen appeared in answer to a telephone call that some one sent to the nearby police station. The man, who, it was seen, was not yet dead, was tenderly lifted and put in the ambulance and taken to the station. The ambulance surgeon looked him all over and tried to find where the wound was, and then he looked puzzled. The man by this time was looking somewhat embarrassed, and finally he confessed. He had not been shot. He had been nearly frightened to death. He had felt that if shots were fired in the city streets he would better lie down flat on the sidewalk. He also admitted that he lived in the country and was not used to city noises. Then a policeman went back to Smithfield street and found a chauffeur patching the automobile tire that had exploded with a noise like that of a revolver shot.

Slain on the Stage;

Or, The Minna Gorsden Mystery

By GEORGE T. HARGREAVES



"I didn't kill her—I didn't kill her!"

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 43, Oct. 28. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DENUNCIATION.

PHIL, his mind active with the problems created by his discoveries of the last ten minutes, went hurriedly back to the stage. He found most of the cast on hand and about to begin rehearsal—all except Chester Hawkins who had phoned word that he would be late. He indicated that he was ill.

Pry sought out Miss Price at once.

"I beg to report discovery number two," he said smilingly as soon as he could reach the side of his sweetheart and coadjutor. "We found the hole through which the knife was plunged when it killed Miss Gorsden and now I've found the knife itself. Got it in my inside pocket," whispered the reporter, gently tapping his coat. Then he drew it forth and allowed her to inspect it closely.

As Janet looked at it with startled eyes, Phil narrated his brief experiences in the dressing room of Hawkins. When he had ended he warned her:

"Be careful of that fellow, dear. He's a lady-killer."

"But do you think he was the one who did it?" asked the girl in an awed tone.

"Couldn't say just yet," responded the reporter thoughtfully, putting the stiletto away. "But I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he was involved in it some way."

"And how do you account for the presence of the woman in his room?"

"I don't—yet. But her attitude over the umbrella stand from which I got the weapon was suspicious. I couldn't for the life of me tell whether she was looking for something there or whether she actually placed the stilletto where I found it when she had gone. My only idea is based on the look I saw on her face when she turned around to go out. There was a secret satisfaction in it—almost a gloat."

Phil, scanning the group then engaged in the rehearsal of the first act, suddenly touched the arm of Miss Price lightly.

"There she is now," he exclaimed, nodding his head, "the woman on the far side of the stage, standing alone."

"Why, that's Hazel Carringford, the leading woman in Miss Brinscombe's support," whispered Janet. "One of the girls who goes on with us pointed out all the company to me by name."

"Hazel Carringford, eh? Well, you mustn't forget her. She's the woman it is going to be your task to watch. It looks as if she might have the secret of this tragedy locked up in her bosom. You'll have to try to make friends with her and attempt to learn what she knows about it."

"She doesn't look as if she were an easy woman to become familiar with. That's a strong, defiant face she has," suggested Miss Price.

"But you have grown very clever, Janet," murmured the reporter fondly. "There are few tasks of this kind so difficult that I would hesitate to assign you to them."

"I'll do my best," whispered the girl, flushing a delicate pink, "since it's for you."

The dialogue was interrupted by the entrance of a new figure—a man of strikingly handsome appearance. Tall, black-haired and keen-eyed, he brushed his way brusquely onto the stage.

"Ah, here at last, Hawkins," spluttered the stage manager. "Thought we'd have to get along without you."

"Maybe you will," responded the newcomer. "I'm feeling beastly."

"That's Hawkins, the leading man," whispered Phil to his companion. "A handsome brute, isnt he?"

"The man whose dressingroom you entered?" asked Janet.

"The same. Look out for him, my dear, for as I told you he's a lady killer—the kind of actor who can't be trusted with women, if the notes I found in his dressingroom indicate anything."

Hawkins struggled with difficulty through his lines. His face was almost gray and there were lines of pain in his forehead. Phil imagined that he had been drinking, so broken was his speech. Miss Brinscombe had to prompt him repeatedly.

The first act over, the company immediately plunged into the rehearsal of the second. Miss Lawson who was assuming the role that had been played by the ill-fated Minna Gorsden, showed remarkable proficiency in her lines and went through the "business" or action of her part with rare skill.

It was in the second act, the office scene, where the "supers" were called upon. The stage manager took personal charge of Phil and Janet to see that they were properly drilled for their slight task.

"Now forget everything," he instructed them, "except the scene we are trying to portray here. Look and move as if you were really one of these office employes who are aroused by the charge against their employer. Forget you have hands and arms. And above all, don't try to look across the footlights. The action isn't out there in the audience but right here on the stage."

The new "supers" did their small parts well—so well, in fact, that the crabbed stage manager muttered, "You'll do," as they made their exit.

As they paused to listen to the climax of the act, a woman, elegantly dressed, swept past them and out into the scene. That she did not belong there was evident from the surprised and startled glances of the principals as they beheld her.

The woman's face, showing her to be old and haggard, was contorted with anger or rage. She dashed up to Hawkins whose back had been turned to her and swung him around so that they stood face to face.

"So, you scamp, you scoundrel, Chester Hawkins," she hissed, "you've finally killed her, have you?"

The leading man's face went from gray to white. He grasped the wing as he backed a step or two away from her.

"Go away, woman," he muttered thickly, "you're crazy! I had nothing to do with her death. I'm sorry—the sorriest of the lot."

"Sorry? Sorry?" the newcomer screeched, again advancing toward him with a quivering upraised hand. "It's time you were sorry!"

"Here, here, what's all this?" shouted the stage manager, bustling forward. Then addressing the woman: "What business have you got here, breaking up our rehearsal?"

"I'll tell you, sir," she replied in a strained voice as she visibly strove to calm herself. "This man here"—she pointed savagely toward Hawkins—"is my Minna's husband. I've just come from her dear, dead body. Oh, my darling, darling daughter!" She burst into a paroxysm of weeping.

Madelyne Brinscombe threw her arm kindly about the grief-stricken woman and led her gently to a chair. Hawkins, the daring villain of half a hundred plays, now a figure in a real tragedy, shook like an aspen.

"Yes, I'm Minna's mother," exclaimed the woman, checking her sobs with an effort. "I'm Minna's mother. She was the apple of my eye, my all. But this scoundrel"—again she waved her accusing hand at Hawkins—"won her away from me, married her and then when he had satisfied his pride and his passion cast her adrift. For fifteen years he has refused to recognize her as his wife—claimed their marriage was illegal."

The agonized mother paused for breath while the assembled company looked on in suspense. In every one's mind was the belief that the tragedy of the night before was close to solution.

"But she warned him that she would never allow him to marry another woman. She kept the secret of their marriage well. She was so proud, the dear girl, that she could not bring herself to confess that her husband had abandoned her. She supported herself—and me. Oh, she was a dear girl!"

Phil and Janet, unobserved in the excitement, managed to edge their way quite close to the principals in the play. The former did not give all his attention to the slain actress' mother and to Hawkins. He keenly observed, too, the faces of other onlookers.

There was Hazel Carringford who stood a little aback with set lips and clenched hands, looking for all the world like an avenger.

Then he observed Annabelle Wesson, the nervous little soubrette. She, too, stood in the background, her peroxide shaded hair tousled about her face from the vigorous clutch she had fastened upon it when she first heard the mother's accusation. Phil was unable to decide whether her palpably unstrung condition was due to excitement or to—fear. He was sure that he saw her glance very kindly toward Hawkins and venomously at his accuser.

"He couldn't get a divorce," the mother went on, her voice rising shrilly again; "she wouldn't let him. He spread the word that she was divorced. He tried to blacken her name in other ways. But she was pure—she was pure—except for him." Again the shaking hand was lifted in the direction of the cowering Hawkins. "He wanted to marry again. He wanted to get a wife from among the crowd of rich girls who had fallen in love with him across the footlights—in love with him, the scoundrel!"

Then, succumbing again to the passion that had held her when she first appeared, she rose from her chair and fairly screamed:

"And now, Chester Hawkins, to clear the way for your marriage to some other victim, to remove the woman to whom you were legally wedded, to be free to practice your wiles upon some one else, you were finally forced to kill my daughter, weren't you? To stab her in the back, weren't you? Oh, you brute, you coward, you murderer!"

CHAPTER VII.

A TRIANGLE DEVELOPS.

The accused actor, his face as white as his expansive shirt front, swallowed hard. Twice, as he essayed to speak, the words caught in his throat and choked him. The third time he managed to gasp:

"I didn't kill her. I didn't kill her. I didn't, as God is my judge."

And the man raised his right arm melodramatically toward the heavens and shook it fervently.

The accusing mother laughed harshly, unbelievingly.

"If not you, who then?" she demanded loudly. "Who had any reason to take the poor girl's life but you?"

"I say I'm not guilty," persisted Hawkins, recovering a little bravado. "How should I know what relations your daughter has had that might make her the mark of an assassin's knife?"

"So," cried the mother, advancing threateningly on the actor, "you'd try to malign her, would you, even after she is dead? You dog, you coward! And your own wife, too. You won't, you can't deny that."

The leading man only looked his anger. He did not contradict the statement. But another figure loomed into the foreground. Annabelle Wesson, her hair awry, pushed to the side of the actor.

"I don't believe it," she declared, turning on the trembling figure of Minna Gorsden's mother. "He's no murderer, I don't care who says so. I know him better than that," and the soubrette seized Hawkin's hand and pressed it eagerly between her own.

The movement did not escape Phil or Miss Price. They saw the beset actor flash a kindly smile upon Miss Wesson. Phil even imagined he saw in that smile a secret exchange of understanding. The actress' attitude at least warranted a suspicion that she was more than a stage friend and associate. Phil decided that here was another who must be watched.

"So, you're taking his part, are you?" sneered the elderly woman. "He's got you under his wing, too, has he?"

"Leave him alone," hissed back the soubrette. "He hasn't done anything to you or your daughter. I know for——" Then in confusion she closed her hand over her mouth.

"Tell it, tell it," the mother defied. Then when no further explanation came from the embarrassed Miss Wesson, she went on: "You know nothing that would set this man right. Nor does anyone else. He's guilty—guilty as hell," and the woman ended in a sort of hysterical wail.

Madelyne Brinscombe gently patted the panting Mrs. Gorsden into a calmer state. Then she gently whispered to her:

"You can do no good here. Hadn't you better go home?"

"Home?" the mother repeated, looking up with agonized face. "I have no home

THE TEA PENALTY

A Strong Man's Experience.

Writing from a busy railroad town the wife of an employe of one of the great roads says:

"My husband is a railroad man who has been so much benefited by the use of Postum that he wishes me to express his thanks to you for the good it has done him. His waking hours are taken up with his work, and he has no time to write himself.

"He has been a great tea drinker all his life and has always liked it strong.

"Tea has, of late years, acted on him like morphine does upon most people. At first it soothed him, but only for an hour or so, then it began to affect his nerves to such an extent that he could not sleep at night, and he would go to his work in the morning wretched and miserable from the loss of rest. This condition grew constantly worse, until his friends persuaded him, some four months ago, to quit tea and use Postum.

"At first he used Postum only for breakfast, but as he liked the taste of it, and it somehow seemed to do him good, he added it to his evening meal. Then, as he grew better, he began to drink it for his noon meal, and now he will drink nothing else at table.

"His condition is so wonderfully improved that he could not be hired to give up Postum and go back to tea. His nerves have become steady and reliable once more, and his sleep is easy, natural and refreshing.

"He owes all this to Postum for he has taken no medicine and made no other change in his diet.

"His brother who was very nervous from coffee-drinking, was persuaded by us to give up the coffee and use Postum and he also, has recovered his health and strength." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

* * *

The Vox Humana.

The New Organist—What shall I play?

The Absent-Minded Vicar (addicted to a quiet rubber of bridge)—Er, well, what sort of hand have you got?

* * *

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

Yes, elegant Free Homesteads adjoining valuable land, can still be had in Mexico. More than 500 acres are already in production from which bananas are being sold. From 10 to 25 per cent. has been actually distributed to subscribers this year, up to October 1st, from the first planting. You need not go to Mexico, but must have five acres of bananas planted within five years. Address the Jantha Plantation Co., Block 593, Pittsburgh, Pa., they will plant and care for your bananas on shares, so you should make a thousand dollars a year. Bananas begin bearing in about 15 months, bringing the quickest returns of any fruit growing. The climate is delightful and health conditions good. Should any reader desire to procure a homestead, apply immediately.

* * *

What Would Happen.

"If your father refuses to let me marry you, what then?" he asked solicitiously.

"Then Mamma and I will have to give him a piece of our minds," she replied.

* * *

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very, small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

* * *

Nothing to Say.

Reporter (at door of mansion)—there is a rumor that Mr. Greatman has just died. Is this true?

Butler—Yes; but he has nothing to say for publication.

* * *

WANTED—RY. MAIL CLERKS.

Hundreds of Ry. Mail Clerks, commencing at $800, will be appointed from examinations everywhere soon. Interested readers should send postal immediately to Franklin Institute, Dept. P-79, Rochester, N. Y., for examination schedule; free coaching and sample questions from previous examinations.

* * *

Resented the Imputation.

"Is that a robber castle?" inquired the tourist.

"No, sir," replied the guide, "that place is kept by my father. It's a respectable garage."

* * *

J. P.

Those suffering from weakness and lack of vigor should take JUVEN PILLS. One box will tell a story of marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1. Made by its originators, C. I. HOOD CO., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, LOWELL, MASS. (Z)

* * *

As Usual.

"She married him to reform him."

"And what was the result?"

"She wishes now that she had reversed the process."

---

now that Minna is gone. What will become of me?"

"Don't worry," soothed the dainty star. "We'll see that you are taken care of. Go home now and try to get some rest. Your nerves are all unstrung."

The bereft woman at length permitted herself to be led gently from the stage but at the exit she turned and with a strident voice hurled back at Hawkins, now rapidly recovering his composure:

"The police shall know of this, Chester Hawkins. Never you fear."

The leading man's handsome face blanched anew at the mention of "police" but a whispered word from the soubrette who had not quitted his side quickly brought back his color.

As the rehearsal continued with all its participants more or less excited by the strange interruption, Phil drew Janet apart where they could observe the scene on the stage and at the same time conduct a whispered conversation.

"This case isn't as clear to me now," said the reporter, "as it was half an hour ago. This injection of that Miss Wesson, the soubrette, into the tangle complicates matters. She seems to be mighty close to Hawkins, closer than the law allows for a married man, even though his wife was slain twenty-four hours ago."

"And did you notice how Miss Carringford, whom you saw in Hawkins' room, acted too?" suggested Miss Price. "You can see she was inwardly raging at something. But what it was I just couldn't make out."

"Yes, I noticed her, too. And I have an idea about her. She resented the way in which the soubrette acted toward Hawkins. She's jealous. She likes him herself and yet doesn't want to make a public display of her feelings."

"That would explain her looks, would it not?" Janet exclaimed, the light of comprehension breaking over her countenance. "But why, if she loves him, should she have gloated so when you saw her in his dressingroom, bending over the spot where you found the fatal weapon?"

"Janet," answered Phil in an undertone," believe me, that woman should have been a man. She has an iron disposition. She can love but she can hate as well. When we find out whether she loves or hates Chester Hawkins the more, then we will begin to get to the bottom of this mystery."

"But how is anybody going to be able to pin a woman with such an iron disposition down to any facts she does not care to reveal?"

"Janet," the reporter smiled fondly, "as I said before, that will be your part of this task of ours."

"But she doesn't even know me."

"You will have to cultivate an acquaintance. Make yourself of service to her in some slight way here and keep in the way of being of continued service to her."

"I have it," exclaimed the girl glowingly. "All these prominent actresses are anxious for maids to act as their dressers. If she hasn't one, I'll volunteer my help to her."

"Excellent. I knew you'd be equal to the task."

Phil stood in pensive mood for several moments while Janet continued to direct her gaze on the shifting group on the stage. Finally he spoke again:

"But we need another watche."

"What for?"

"That soubrette has got some valuable information locked up in her heart."

"Yes, she certainly showed a hint of it, when she interposed in Mr. Hawkins' defense just now."

"Just about now I'd like to have two pair of eyes and two pairs of legs," grinned the reporter.

"Maybe I could watch both those women," volunteered Janet.

"No, they don't hang together. Or, if they have, they won't any more after this scene tonight. You can rely upon that They're bitter rivals henceforth—so bitter that——"

"What?" inquired Janet when Phil failed to complete his remark.

"That they wouldn't stop even at a killing," concluded the reporter in a whisper.

"Well, I might think that Miss Carringford with those deep, stern eyes of hers was capable of doing some such thing but that light, volatile, frivolous Miss Wesson, never. She hasn't the necessary grit."

"You never can tell," responded Phil sententiously. "Anyhow, I'll try to keep my eyes on her for the present in addition to Hawkins. Meanwhile I'm going to attempt to forestall that poor bereaved mother of Miss Gorsden. She's probably gone to report her suspicions to the police. I'm going to try to have them keep their hands off for another twenty-four hours until you and I can get a little more light on the relations existing among this little triangle of Hawkins, Miss Carringford and the soubrette. An arrest just at this time would spoil every change of getting at a solution that would develop enough evidence to convict anybody of this crime."

So, while Phil left the playhouse to seek out a telephone, Janet continued to closely observe the shifting group in rehearsal.

The reporter got Police Chief Flann on the phone.

"You're going to get a request for an arrest shortly," he explained to the police official. Whereupon he detailed the circumstances of the denunciation of Hawkins by the slain woman's mother.

"But don't arrest him or anyone else in this company for a day at least," urged Phil. "If you'll promise me that delay, I'll agree to lay before you the evidence that will convict the guilty party."

Flann laughed cynically.

"My boy," he said, "you've an almighty high opinion of yourself. The case has got my men buffaloed. They're afraid to make an arrest, even on suspicion."

"Well, you'll begin to believe me when I tell you that I've got the weapon that was used and I know just how the thing was done."

"You don't say," blurted the chief. "Tell us about it."

"Not over the phone. And I'm too busy to come down to headquarters just now. But do I get your promise of hands off?"

"Oh, I suppose so," grunted the chief. "You newspaper fellows astonish me."

Returning to the stage entrance, Phil felt a slight tap upon his shoulder. Turning around, he saw an elderly gentleman whom he recognized in the dim light as Caryll Torrey, the "old man" character actor of the cast of "The Stain."

"Come with me, young man," the thespian said authoritatively. "I've something of exceeding importance to tell to you."

CHAPTER VIII.

A SECRET ROMANCE.

Phil recognized instantly that he could not afford to lose the opportunity thus afforded him. He had wanted by some means to get an insight into the exact relations that had existed among the various members of the company producing "The Stain." He had felt that a first hand knowledge of their characters and their careers was necessary to help him formulate a reasonable theory as to the crime upon which he was assigned. And here, by sheer good fortune, was the chance at hand to quiz a member of the company who had made the first overture.

Together the reporter and the actor repaired to a neighboring cafe. Comfortably ensconsed at a table and with steins of ale between them, the actor began:

"I sized you up the moment you came on the stage tonight. You're no common 'super' as you pretend. Your looks are too keen. You're either a detective or a reporter. Which?"

Phil laughed easily. Also he decided to cultivate this old, clean-shaven man who even off the stage could not separate himself from theatrical manners.

"You're might clever," he said impulsively. "I didn't think anyone would suspect it of me. Yes, I'm a reporter."

"And I," said the actor with an engaging smile, "am a philosopher. An actor, too, in order to make a living, but a philosopher in order to enjoy myself."

"You have been on the stage a long time, I take it," suggested the reporter, trying to lead the thespian to personalities.

"Ah, yes," responded the other with a sigh, "a long time, I have played with all the great by-gone stars, Booth and Barrett and McCullough and Mantell. I know my art thoroughly. But, sad to relate, I have found that the actor who is well-grounded in his art is very often a stick-in-the-mud."

"Yet they speak very highly of your acting."

"But I am too much of a philosopher. The snaps in this stage life seem to go to those who have plenty of ginger."

"You are not too old to rise to the top yet," urged Phil.

"Ah," sighed the actor, laying his thick-veined hand upon his chest, "they say all things come to the man who waits but he is generally dead by the time they reach him."

"But you said you had something exceedingly important to tell me."

"Yes, yes, so I have," said the veteran. "You'll excuse me, won't you, if I seem to drift away from the subject occasionally, I just can't help philosophizing since——"

"Since when?" prompted Phil as the actor allowed his eyes to set dreamily upon the ceiling.

"Since I lost my love and my ambition," murmured Torrey. "You see, I always had hopes of reaching the topmost round of the stage ladder. I have made a name for myself but, ah, it is not as great as my ambition demanded. 'Twas a hotelkeeper in Maine that opened my eyes. Let me tell you about it. I was heading a company of my own. We were playing Shakspeare. I was doing Macbeth and Othello and Hamlet and Brutus and doing them well, even though it be myself who says so."

The old man paused as if to give himself the pleasure of recalling those starring days.

"But that hotel man opened my eyes to the fact that I was not so great as I thought myself, 'I want your best room,' I said to him, 'for I am Caryll Torrey, the noted Shakspearian actor.' The host, whom I well recall for the very thin lips he had, continued to chew tobacco and to gaze at me with less of the admiration I deserved than I expected. I waited a moment or two and then concluded that he had not understood me. So I repeated my remark, 'I am Caryll Torrey, the Shakspearian actor,' I said.

Do You Enjoy Your Meals?

One of the Most Important Questions to Consider in the Search for Happiness and Health.

The burning question to you is, "Are you getting out of life all the pleasure and the health you are entitled to?" If not, why not?

No matter whether every organ and member of your body is in a sound state of health and strength, if your stomach is in any way disordered, you are not going to be "yourself." You are going to be a worried, out-of-sorts, nervous or sullen individual, whose actions will reflect your condition inside, and people will naturally avoid you.

The world wants to smile and be cheerful, and unless you are cheerful and smile, at least, occasionally, you will have few friends, fewer opportunities, no success, and you will go down in defeat—defeated by dyspepsia and a bad stomach.

A good and thorough digestion has a quick, wonderful reaction upon the brain. You must have noticed it many times, for the brain and stomach are as intimately connected as a needle and its thread, one can hardly be used to advantage without the other. If your stomach is slow and lazy in digesting your food, it will produce at once a slow, lazy and cloudy influence upon your brain. Mark it! If your stomach has absolutely quit work, and fermentation is poisoning your vitals as a result, surely your brain is going to be sluggish and correspondingly depressed. No one need tell you that.

But why continue to suffer all the miseries and torments that a disordered stomach brings you?

If your stomach can not digest your food, what will? Where's the relief? Where's the cure?

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are the relief and the cure. Why? Because, as all stomach troubles arise from indigestion and because one ingredient of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is able to thoroughly and completely digest 3,000 grains of any kind of food, doesn't it stand to reason that these little Dyspepsia Tablets are going to digest all the food and whatever food you put into your stomach? Science nowadays can digest food without having to use the stomach for it. And Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are the result of this scientific discovery. They digest and digest thoroughly and well, anything and everything you eat.

So, if your stomach refuses to work or can't work, and you suffer from eructations, bloat, brash, fermentation, biliousness, sour stomach, heartburn, irritation, indigestion, or dyspepsia of whatever form, just take one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, and see the difference. It doesn't cost you much to prove it. Then you can eat all you want, what you want, whenever you want, if you use these tablets, and you can look the whole world in the face with a beaming eye and you will have a cheerful spirit, a pleasant face, a vigorous body and a clear mind and memory and everything will look and taste delicious to you. That's life.

Get Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at any drug store on earth for 50c a box.

Send us your name and address today and we will at once send you by mail a sample package free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 320 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

GOITRE- Pay when cured

I have an honest, certain cure for goitre (thick neck); pay when cured; Tell your friends about this.

Write—Dr. A. K. Rock,
Bancroft. Wis.

THESE 4 RINGS FREE

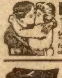
to anyone that will sell 15 pkgs. of our Real Water Color and Xmas Cards at 10c a package. We trust you and take back all unsold goods. Write for the cards.
KENWOOD PREMIUM CO. Dept. A 11 CHICAGO

22 CAL. RIFLE FREE

Kills at 100 yards. Peep sights, lever action, walnut stock, barrel blue-black gun metal. Given for selling 30 Jewelry Sets at 10c a set.
Eagle Watch Co., Dept. 888, East Boston, Mass.

CROWN YOUR TEETH

with our gold finished shells and fool your friends. Great fad; resembles dentists' work. Slips over the tooth; easily adjusted; removed at will. Over two million sold. Thousands of pleased customers. Price 10c each; 4 for 25c or 12 for 50c. C.E.FARGO, Dept. D FRENCHTOWN, N.J.



LOVERS GUIDE, or An Easy Road to Marriage

Tells "How to Court a Bashful Girl, "How to Woo an Heiress, "How a Lady Should Manage Her Beau to Make Him Propose Marriage, "How to Catch a Rich Bachelor, "Love Letters, "How to Win the Favor of Ladies, "Wedding Etiquette, &c., &c. All subjects treated in a manner that will be found most helpful to Lovers. This Great Book sent Postpaid for only 10c or 3 for 25c. TEEL BOOK CO., HURLEYVILLE, N.Y.

XRAY Look right through your friends with this little instrument. See the bones of the body. Its great. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Sent neatly packed for 10c Send today. X-Ray Mfg. Co., Dept. A 13 Chicago.

125 New Fancy Post Cards FREE

Send 10c for post. etc., for special samples & plea. incl. Gold Emb. Thanksgiving & Xmas cds. WORLD WIDE CARD CLUB, Dept. 998 CHICAGO

Do You Want to Stop Your Husband's Drinking?

It May Be Done At Home —Safely, Quickly, Easily You Should Learn How at Once

If you are tired of the heartaches which drunkenness brings; if you want happiness and prosperity instead, then write to Mrs. Margaret Anderson and let her tell you of a simple, inexpensive medicine which has already saved hundreds of drinkers and brought joy to homes without number. She will tell you, gladly and without charge, how easily and quickly this medicine freed her husband, brother, and several of her neighbors from chronic drunkenness. Through her advice you may keep a dear relative or friend from being ruined by drink, with no loss of time from his work, no sickness, even secretly if you wish, and right at home. This may mean your future happiness or the saving of a human life, therefore we earnestly advise you to get this valuable information without delay. Do not send money. The reply will come in a sealed envelope, so write to her with trust and confidence. Here is the address: Mrs. Margaret Anderson, 211 Grove Avenue, Hillburn, N. Y.

NOTE:—Write name and full address plainly.

This is the woman who wants to help you.

TRAPPERS GET READY
BIG MONEY IN FURS

Over ten million dollars will be paid to trappers of fur bearing animals during the coming winter. Any man or boy living in the country can add a goodly sum to his earnings by trapping during spare moments. We furnish ABSOLUTELY FREE a complete Trapper's Guide which tells you the size of trap and kind of bait to use for the different animals, how to remove the skins and prepare them for market. We also furnish the best traps and baits at lowest prices. We receive more furs direct from trapping grounds than any other house in the world, therefore can pay the highest prices for them. Our price lists, shipping tags, etc., are also FREE for the asking. If you are a trapper or want to become one, write to us today. We will help you.

F. C. TAYLOR & CO.
GREATEST FUR HOUSE IN THE WORLD
530 Fur Exchange Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Cowboy Outfit FREE

Cowboy Suits, genuine Cowboy style, firm, strong khaki, long, loose Cowboy trousers, real Cowboy shirt, open at neck, neck handkerchief, wide brimmed slouch hat and lariat. Suits slip on over other clothes. We have Cowgirls' suits, waist, skirt and hat. We give a suit complete for selling only 24 sets Collar Buttons and Pins at 10c a set. Write for them. When sold return $2.40 and we send complete Cowboy outfit.

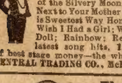
FRIEND SOAP CO.,
Dept. 369. Boston, Mass.

LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT FREE

Simply send Photo and we will deliver direct to your home, express charges prepaid, a life-size CRAYON PICTURE actually worth $5.00. Beautiful Christmas gift. Send us 98 cents to cover cost of material and packing. We make this exceptional offer to advertise our Studios.

COMMERCE STUDIOS COMMERCE BLDG.
521 S. La Salle St. CHICAGO. DEPT A

SONGS Silver Bell—new Indian song, all wild over it; My Wife's Gone to the Country; Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet; By the Light of the Silvery Moon; I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now; Next to Your Mother Who Do You Love; Longest Way Round is Sweetest Way Home; I Love My Wife, but Oh You Kid; I Wish I Had a Girl; When I Marry You; My Pony Boy; Baby Doll; Rainbow; Red Wing; Dreaming, etc., list 500 latest song hits, 10 pieces music and also a sample of best stage money—the whole lot for only 10 cents, postpaid. CENTRAL TRADING CO., McKinley Park, Dept. 48, CHICAGO, ILL.



Elegant Signet Ring Free

This handsome gold filled ring given for selling 12 Alaskan Novelty Hat Pins at 10c each. Any initial desired. When sold remit $1.20 and we will send the ring at once. GLENN WATCH CO.
Dept. B, Chicago, Ill.

OPIUM or Morphine Habit Treated. Free trial. Cases where other remedies have failed, specially desired. Give particulars.
Dr. R. G. CONTRELL, Suite 539 No. 400 W. 23d St., New York

CARDS Send 2c Stamp for large Sample Album of Hidden Name, Silk Fringe, Envelope, Friendship, Joker's, Lover's and all other Kinds of Cards, Post Cards and Premiums. Star Beau Catcher and list of 2000 Songs given Free. OHIO CARD CO., B 22 Cadiz, Ohio.

The thin-lipped man chewed on in silence which, as I did not leave the counter, he finally broke with the crushing rejoinder, 'Well, what if you are. Do you want me to kiss you?' That, sir, made me a philosopher."

"But your business with me," urged Phil, getting impatient.

"Ah, young man, it is not always the hasty talker who utters the most wisdom," replied the actor deliberately. "Let me have my own time and as Shakspeare says, 'I will to you unfold a tale.'" He dreamed again with his eyes set on the ceiling before he went on: "I have been not only an actor. I have also been a lover—a hopeless lover."

"Yes," urged Phil sympathetically.

"Yes, the woman loved me, too, for a time. Ah, she was dear to me though I never married her. And though I never married her, we had a child."

"Out of wedlock?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, a daughter of love," sighed the old man mournfully. "But the mother, from the hour the child came, seemed to hate me. Years, years, I watched from afar that daughter grow into womanhood and adopt the stage as her mother had. But I always kept the secret of her parentage well as did her dear mother. And now the dear child is dead."

The old man's head pillowed on his arm outstretched upon the table. Phil in painful silence watched the actor's form shake with a dry sob.

"You have my sympathy," he said after a pause.

"But sympathy does not bring back the dead," murmured the man as he slowly raised his head. "Sympathy does not bring me the woman I loved and still love."

The actor's dreamy eyes set themselves in a faraway stare.

"Who is this woman, if I may ask?" inquired Phil.

"Can you not guess after the scene you witnessed this evening?"

"Minna Gorsden's mother?" exclaimed Pry in surprise.

"The very same murmured the old man with a heavy sigh.

"And Minna Gorsden was your daughter?"

"She was my daughter," groaned the actor.

"Then why did you not go to the mother's aid tonight when she accused Hawkins?" demanded Phil.

"For a good reason, my boy. To have revealed myself as Minna's father would have disgraced the girl's name and dishonored the mother. It would also have driven the distracted mother into the condition she has suffered from temporarily, ever since Minna was born—insanity. It was that which caused her to drive me away and to refuse to marry me. Minna was always able to calm her but no one else can. I fear me that the girl's death will reduce the dear mother to permanent insanity. Then, at least," sighed the veteran of the stage, "I shall be able to care for her."

"I am still at a loss to understand why you should reveal all this to me," suggested the reporter kindly.

"Don't hurry me, please," responded the actor as he dragged his hand across his eyes as though to clear away unpleasant scenes. "I'm coming to that. But I must have my own way to tell it." Then leaning close to Phil's ear, he whispered sternly: "I, too, crave to avenge my daughter's murder. Though I was never able to hold her in my arms, though she never knew me as her parent, I loved her, ah, how I loved her. Had I married Corra—that was the mother's name—my love for her and the child, like the ephemeral passion of many stage folk. might have quickly died out. But, kept at arm's length by the mother, watching with longing heart as the daughter grew up into a beautiful womanhood, my love was fanned into a constancy and depth that has driven all else from my mind except my art and my philosophy. But for them, I am sure I should have had a more unstable mind than Corra."

Torrey paused quite a moment to sip lightly from his stein. To Phil it appeared as if the pause were to give the actor a chance to grip emotions that were threatening to get beyond his control. At any rate, the old man's face was tense and grief-lined as he went on slowly:

"You are young, I know, young man, but you have that about your face that inspires me to talk thus freely with you. I'm sure that you can appreciate my horrible position, too. In reaping the rewards of married life, the average man finds that matrimony is more of a binder than a reaper. But I, much as I have craved a wife and children, have been able to reap no such reward. Strange, isn't it? But the duty I owe to that dear woman I shall never shirk." Here the old man's voice sank to a vibrant whisper. "And the discovery of the hand that slew my daughter—for Minna was truly mine—shall be my only task, I vow it—from this hour," and the actor's hand was raised on high.

Again he paused to regain control of his mounting feelings. There was an added note of sadness in his tones when he went on:

"But I am old and men at my age are not fertile in ideas. I could not hope to match the intricacies of the mind that plotted the mysterious murder of my child. Sometimes I think it was clever enough to have taken two minds to have concocted that fatal blow and obliterated all trace of the hand that struck it. Anyway, it needs a sharper, quicker brain than mine to solve the mystery and bring the guilty one to justice. And something has told me—it may have been the voice of God himself—that you, sir, have that sharper, quicker brain."

"My dear sir, you honor me by your confidence and your purpose. I am trying to solve the mystery and, believe me, whatever the outcome, your distressing secret shall be protected.

"I knew it, I knew it," breathed the actor heavily. "Ah, if I could but have had a son like you."

"You flatter——" began Phil but before he could proceed further, a cry from the street, short, stifled and frantic, drained his face of color. He recognized the voice. It was his sweetheart's, Janet.

CHAPTER IX.

LOVES OF A STAGE IDOL.

Phil Pry, at the sound of the cry which he recognized as coming from his sweetheart's throat, dashed madly to the street. At the curb a small crowd stood discussing the outbreak.

Half a dozen hands pointed excitedly after a taxicab that was hurrying away down the street.

"What was the trouble?" the reporter inquired in haste.

"The man wanted the girl to go along with him," volunteered one of the crowd. "She didn't seem to want to. So he flung the cab door open, lifted her inside and following her, ordered the chauffeur to get away. She cried out once but he must have clapped his hand over her mouth mighty quicky and choked her off. A show girl, I guess she was. He was a handsome brute."

Instinctively flashed into Phil's mind the remembrance that he had used the same words "a handsome brute" in warning Janet against Chester Hawkins earlier in the evening.

"And didn't any of you try to stop him?" demanded the reporter fiercely.

"It wasn't our game, was it?" flared another bystander. "If we mixed in all the affairs of this kind we see here o' nights, we'd get our heads punched regularly about seven times a week."

"What kind of a looking man was he?" inquired Phil.

"Handsome, didn't I tell you?" responded the first speaker. "Dressed like a dandy. Looked like an actor."

Phil felt sure now that his premonition was correct. Janet had evidently fallen into the toils of Hawkins.

"And which way did they go?" he asked quickly.

"That's them just driving around the corner into Seventh avenue now."

A block away Phil saw a red taxi careening madly out of sight. He started on a sprint after it, but when he reached the corner it had disappeared around another. He kept up the chase but by the time he reached the next corner, the conveyance was out of sight, swallowed up in a crush of other hurrying vehicles.

Breathless, Phil paused to consider what he should do. His first idea was to notify the police. But that, he recognized, would bring down on Janet a flood of unwelcome notoriety. For her sake, it would be wise to avoid that if possible.

Again, he felt that publicity would interfere seriously with his task of running down Miss Gorsden's murderer. The police would arrest Hawkins undoubtedly and with Hawkins in a cell it would be impossible for the reporter to work out the elaborate strategy by which he hoped to solve the mystery of the Thespis Theater.

Hawkins, he felt sure, was involved in the crime somehow. He could not bring himself yet to believe that the handsome actor had dealt the fatal blow but he was sure that he was implicated in the peculiar and increasing ramifications of the tragedy.

Moreover he was certain that Janet, out of her experiences in helping him to solve previous mysteries, would be well able to take care of herself in the present emergency. He recalled how she had dared to enter the secret apartments of a Chinese tong and brave the presence of a noted Chinese Lothario and come forth unscathed. He remembered how she had conducted herself with bravery and resource when the prisoner of a cutthroat band of Italian Black Handers and had helped to effect her own escape and their capture.

He was relieved, therefore, to think that in her present situation she could protect herself against even so clever a man as Chester Hawkins. Besides, he thought, might she not in the enforced companioship of the actor, find the clue that would bare the secret of Minna Gorsden's slaying?

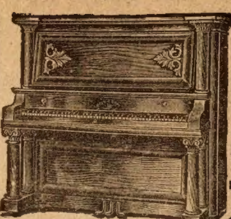
Satisfied that he could lay his hands on the leading man when he wanted him, Phil hastened back to the cafe where he had left Torrey. There were some more questions he wanted to ask the aged actor who had revealed so amazing a tale of his relations to the victim of the stage tragedy. He met the veteran leaving the cafe where they had held their conference.

"What was it?" the actor inquired.

"Some of your kind has lugged off a show girl in taxi, I guess," responded Phil lightly. "By-the-way, where does this man Hawkins live?"

Torrey smiled cynically.

(Continued on page sixteen.)



30 Days' Free Trial
365 Days' Test
3 Years To Pay

We Save You $128 to $222 On Your Piano

Send No Money

Let Us Put This Piano In Your Parlor—Not a Dollar To Pay Us

For over 69 years this celebrated Reed & Sons Piano was sold through jobbers, dealers and agents, but we have wiped out their profits, giving the saving to our customers. We offer you direct-from-factory-to-home wholesale prices on Reed & Sons Pianos, giving you the highest artistic quality possible, at a price much lower than your dealer would charge you for a cheap, inferior instrument.

30 Days' Free Trial In Your Home
—and We Will Pay The Freight

Let your family and friends enjoy the beautiful tone-qualities and examine the handsome design and finish—easy, responsive action. We want every owner of a Reed & Sons Piano to be absolutely satisfied. That's why, in addition to our 30 day free trial in your own home, we also offer you a

365 Days' Approval Test

If we cannot satisfy you with the piano we will pay the freight for its return. This is the fairest offer ever made. It means 365 days' Approval Test, besides 30 days' Free Trial and three years' time to pay if satisfied.

A 25 Year Guarantee Bond goes with each

REED & SONS PIANO

It has a world-wide name as the sweetest-toned piano, handsomely designed—constructed to uphold a hard-earned reputation, gained during sixty-nine years. At the World's Columbian Exposition it won the highest award medal. Thousands of owners praise Reed & Sons Pianos, so will you. Own one on our plan. Prove it at our risk.

Take Your Own Time To Pay
No Interest—No Collectors

Here is the fairest, squarest offer ever made. When absolutely satisfied, you can pay by the week, month, 3 months or twice a year—3 years time to pay if satisfied.

BIG BOOK FREE Clip coupon below. It will secure for you our Special Proposition and Prices—all in handsomest colored illustrated catalog sent free. We guarantee we can offer you a better proposition than any other piano concern in the world. A 2c stamp will save you dealer's profit.
Fill In The Coupon Now.

REED & SONS PIANO BOOK

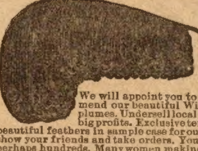
REED & SONS
PIANO MFG. CO.
Dept. B9 Cor. Jackson Blv. and Wabash Ave., CHICAGO
Send me your Big Free Piano Book and Offers.

Name..
Street..................................R.F.D..................
Town.......................County.......................State..............
Capital and Resources $1,750,000

Women's College of Scientific Dressmaking

teaches you to make stylish, well-fitting garments economically. Home study course covers every phase of clothes-building—materials, pattern drawing, planning, cutting, fitting, etc. We qualify you to earn big profits. Low rates. Write now for free book, "Dressmaking—How to Learn it at Home."

WOMEN'S COLLEGE OF SCIENTIFIC DRESSMAKING
1223 S. 7TH ST., LACROSSE, WIS.

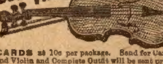


Make Big Profits From OSTRICH PLUMES

We will appoint you to show and recommend our beautiful Willow and French plumes. Undersell local dealers and make big profits. Exclusive territory free. Two beautiful feathers in sample case for our agents. Simply show your friends and take orders. You can sell dozens, perhaps hundreds. Many women making over $20 a week. Write quick for our special proposition to one man or woman in each locality.
H. S. Stern Ostrich Feather Co., 202 Altman Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.

WHITE VALLEY GEMS

See Them BEFORE Paying! These gems are chemical white sapphires—LOOK like Diamonds. Stand acid and fire diamond tests. So hard they easily scratch a file and will cut glass. Brilliancy guaranteed 25 years. All mounted in 14K solid gold diamond mountings. Will send you any style ring, pin or stud for examination—all charges prepaid—no money in advance. Write today for free illustrated booklet, special prices & ring measure
WHITE VALLEY GEM CO., L 750 Saks Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana

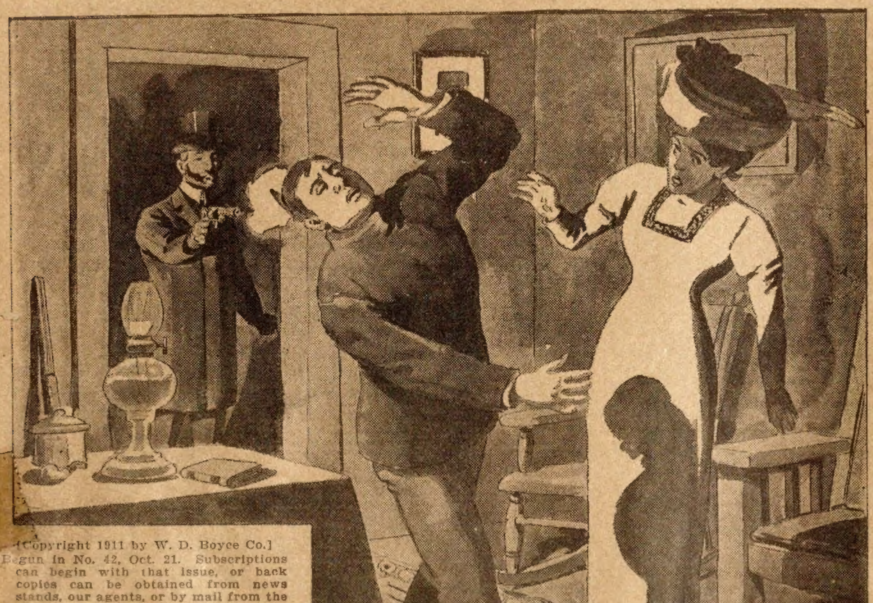


BOYS VIOLIN FREE! This fine, sweet toned violin, white horse hair bow and resin for selling 20 packages new REAL WATER COLOR AND XMAS CARDS at 10c per package. Send for Cards today—When sold, send $2.00 and Violin and Complete Outfit will be sent promptly. Satisfaction guaranteed.
ALTON WATCH & MDSE. CO., Dept. 1, Chicago, Ill.

The House of Fear;

Or, PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES

By T. C. Harbaugh



Brooks sprang to his feet and tottered across the room.

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]
Begun in No. 42, Oct. 21. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER IX.

I SEE BROOKS.

I WAS quite certain that the moment Teresa Hope got the ear of Doctor Dunlape after his return, I would be involved in more difficulties with the delectable pair. However, I resolved to stand my ground, for I would not be driven away from Shadow Farm in order that they might carry out their plots.

The antidote which I had dropped into Rostan Gosnold's night potion had not had time to do its work. It was now a fight against the arts of the modern poisoner, and no one knew this better than myself.

I could not foresee the result of Reginald's trip to the city, where he expected to ferret out Madame Mantelli and thus get at the meaning of the paper which Teresa had destroyed and thrown over the cliff to the volcanic rocks. Neither could I tell how long he would be absent, therefore I was compelled to possess my soul in peace and wait.

With the shadows of night, a figure came up the drive which I knew was Forbes Dunlape.

He had established a little place on the upper floor in the east wing of the house, and I heard his footsteps as he went thither. Presently I heard other footfalls, and I knew that Teresa Hope was closeted with him.

When he emerged from the room, he proceeded to the library to have a look at his patient. Previously I had slipped into the same apartment, and unobserved by Mr. Gosnold, had managed to drop my antidote into the glass on his table. I was preparing to circumvent Doctor Dunlape before he could play another hand.

Not long afterward I threw a shawl over my head and left the house.

Brooks had a little place to himself aloof from the other buildings, and I made my way thither. He greeted me with a smile and made room for me before his cheery fire.

"You haven't come to see me till now, Miss Reynolds," said the big fellow, as his face showed the pleasure I had given him. "Nobody comes here, and I am lonely at times."

I could well believe this. He crossed his legs and I waited for him to proceed.

"That was a funny affair last night," said he. "I was quite knocked out about it for a spell."

"Then you did not see me?" I inquired.

"Bless you, no!" cried Brooks, his eyes opening to their widest extent. "I saw no one but Annabelle and Teresa."

"I witnessed all," I resumed. "You would not let Teresa take Annabelle?"

"Why should I?" he exclaimed, drawing back and eyeing me steadily for a moment. "Why, of all things, should I let that woman touch that girl?"

"Why not, Brooks?"

"I don't like to tell all I know," he answered with some reserve. "But, to be plain, Miss Reynolds, I don't like Teresa."

I was eager to draw him out.

"She seems real nice," said I.

"That's a woman's way," he cried with a little laugh. "You can't see the things that a man notes."

"But I hope there's nothing wrong with Teresa."

"Everything is wrong!" he exclaimed, and I saw his face suddenly whiten. "I don't like to say it, but it's true."

"When did you first discover that Annabelle walks in her sleep?"

"Long before you first came to Shadow Farm," he answered. "More than once I've followed her over the grounds and she's had some narrow escapes, I can tell you."

"She had one last night before you came upon the scene."

"Ah, and where was Teresa then?"

"She was not far off, watching her like a serpent."

"I thought so," ejaculated Brooks. "That's her to a T. She would have let Annabelle go to her doom, eh?"

"I'm afraid that was her wish," said I, and the big fellow suddenly shot forward and I felt his great hand at my wrist.

"I knew it!" he cried, his face settling back to its natural color. "One of these days I am going to tell Teresa what I think of her. Don't you know, Miss Reynolds, that before she and Doctor Dunlape came Mr. Gosnold was in fairly good health?"

I remained silent, watching him.

"He had his strange malady, of course," proceeded Brooks, "but he was not so bad as he is now. I don't know how he came to put Forbes Dunlape and Teresa Hope in this house," and Brooks shook his head as he gazed out of the window.

It was on my tongue to make a confidant of this man, when I heard footsteps beyond the door, and it opened to reveal the figure of Flavia.

"Oh," cried the tall maid, drawing back at sight of me, as her face crimsoned. "I did not know——"

"It is no intrusion," I hastily exclaimed, at which the girl came in and closed the door.

I could see there was something on her mind, for she shifted her gaze between us.

"The doctor's back, eh?" I said, looking at Flavia.

"Yes," she replied, in a tone scarcely audible. "He's back, and I believe Mr. Gosnold's dying!"

I sprang to my feet with a cry that must have echoed in every corner of Brook's domicile.

"Just before I came away," continued the maid, "Doctor Dunlape went down to the library, and behind him came Teresa Hope. All at once I heard a strange cry and a fall, and I ran down the stair to behold Mr. Gosnold lying on the floor with both of them stooping over him. They must have heard me, for they turned as I entered the room, and Teresa Hope sprang up and told me I wasn't wanted there. She said it in so fierce a tone that I grew pale and edged away."

"And you left them there with the master?" cried Brooks who was on his feet again.

"Yes——"

The big fellow turned to me and transfixed me with his penetrating gaze.

"Something's radically wrong in the big house," he said between his teeth. "If the master dies," Heaven help the other one!"

Flavia, who had told her story, was standing silent in the light of the lamp with a deathly pallor on her face.

"That's not all," she said.

"What more happened?" and I arose and went over to the girl.

"Annabelle isn't in the house," she said. "After I left the library I looked everywhere for her, but she is not to be found."

Brooks gave me a quick and expressive look.

"I'm going," cried he, seizing his hat and bolting for the door. "I want to know what has become of the girl."

We saw him slam the door behind him, and Flavia and I were left alone in the light of his fire.

"Miss Alice," cried the maid, "I can't remain another night in this house. I must go or die."

"You promised me to stay," I said gently, but in the most emphatic manner I could assume. "Think of it, girl.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS STEADY INCOME $3 TO $5 A DAY selling our guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. Cotton, lisle and silk, every style and grade. Every pair must last 4 months without holes or a new pair given free. Sure repeat proposition. All want guaranteed hosiery. Sell 52 weeks in the year. B. T. Tucker sold $277.84 last month. Don't miss this one big chance. Write for terms. Free sample to workers.
THOMAS HOSIERY COMPANY
9517 Wayne Street Dayton, Ohio

AGENTS wanted. Make $$$ in your spare time. Send dime for instructions. H. Karns, Winchester, Ind.

AGENTS DON'T accept an agency until you read our new book, "Piling Dollars." It's free. DARLING BROS., DERBY, N.H.

AGENTS WANTED to sell pocket knives with name and photo on handle; write for terms. Morris Cutlery Co., Morris, Ill., P.O.Box A

BOTTLE CLOTHES SPRINKLER Agents make $3 to $5 a day. Write for free sample offer and large catalogue of 500 articles. Richardson Mfg.Co., Dept., 7 Bath, N.Y

TOBACCO FACTORY WANTS SALESMEN Good Pay, Steady Work and Promotion. Experience unnecessary as we give Complete Instructions. Piedmont Tobacco Co., Bx.N14, Danville, Va.

DON'T ACCEPT an agency until you get my samples and particulars. MONEY MAKERS Address SAYMAN 604 Sayman Building, St. Louis, Mo

AGENTS PORTRAITS, 35c; FRAMES, 15c; Sheet Pictures, 1c: Stereoscopes, 25c; Views, 1c. 30 days' credit. Samples and Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 5028—1027 W. Adams St., Chicago

BIG PROFITS for the canvasser, 175%. Big values to purchaser. Every home a user. Agents making from $3.00 to $15.00 a day. Money cheerfully refunded if dissatisfied. Don't lose money by waiting. Write now. National T. F. Co., Newark, New York

AGENTS Best Money Maker ever offered. Orders from every store, residence and farm house. Big profits. They get their own orders. Just show samples. Confidential information free. Crescent Portrait Studio, 918 Montana St., Chicago, Ill.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rigs to introduce poultry compound Year's contract. IMPERIAL MFG. CO., Dept. 67, Parsons, Kansas

THE BEST LIGHT
Makes and burns its own gas. Costs 2c. per week. Gives 500 candle power light and casts no shadow. No dirt, grease, nor odor. Unequalled for Homes, Stores, Hotels, Churches, Public Halls, etc. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. Agents wanted. Write for catalog.
THE BEST LIGHT CO.
423 E. 5th St., Canton, O.

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure. We furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1868 Detroit, Mich.

$50 to $200 PER MONTH
Honest man or woman wanted in every town to take exclusive agency for supplying Ecktone Family Remedies in their territory. No previous experience necessary. Send no stamps—just write. Do not delay.
Ecktone Medicine Co., Dept. 14, St. Louis, Mo.

GREAT MONEY MAKER for AGENTS
PROF LONG'S MAGNETIC COMB
Sell Magnetic Combs and get rich; agents wild with success. They remove dandruff; stop falling hair; RELIEVE HEADACHES, never break. Send 2c stamp for sample. Prof. LONG, 914 Ash St., Pekin, Ill.

BEACON LAMP BURNER FREE
100,000 satisfied users. Incandescent. 100 Candle Power. Burns common coal oil. Gives better light than gas, electricity or six ordinary lamps at one-sixth to one-tenth the cost. Fits your old lamp. Unequaled for fine sewing or reading.
COSTS ONLY ONE CENT FOR SIX HOURS
We want one person in each locality to whom we can refer new customers. Take advantage of our Special Offer to secure a Beacon Burner FREE. Write today. Agents Wanted. HOME SUPPLY COMPANY, 269 Home Building, Kansas City, Mo.

BIG MAIL FREE!
POST OFFICE
Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address
Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

Would you go and leave me here to combat those people alone?"

She threw her arms about me with a strange cry and began to sob.

"I'll stay, Miss Alice," she said between sobs. "I know it's a plot against the master and Annabelle. I'll stay," and fear seemed to depart from Flavia that instant and she was the strong ally I coveted.

Brooks must have reached the house by this time, and Flavia and I went towards it. There was a light in Teresa Hope's room, and a dimmer one in the library, and as we neared the House of Fear we beheld the stalwart form of Brooks advancing toward us.

He stopped short at the sound of my voice.

"How goes it at the house?" I asked, and he laughed in my face.

"I got my orders, Miss Reynolds," said he, looking into my face revealed by the moonlight.

"From whom?"

"From the master."

Flavia and I uttered a cry simultaneously.

"I'm dismissed," he went on, the laugh dying away. "The old man told me never again to set foot in the house."

"But you will not obey?" and my heart went into my throat and a sudden chill seemed to pervade my frame.

I saw the form of Brooks increase an inch before he spoke again.

"I'm not blind," cried he. "The master was in his chair with Doctor Dunlape and Teresa on either side of him. The light was full on them all. I never saw the master look so. Doctor Dunlape had just given him some medicine before he spoke to me, and I was thunderstruck when he addressed me. 'Who sent for you,' he cried, and when I confessed that no one had, he threw out his right arm and covered me as though I were a thief caught in the act. Teresa Hope was eying me in triumph, and Doctor Dunlape seemed to be watching the master. What did I do, Miss? I looked at them for a moment, and then backed out of the room. I went up to Annabelle's chamber and found that the covers of her bed had not been turned down. Then I searched the house for her. The girl was gone. You women may do as you please, but I'm going to look for the girl."

"And obey the master's command? You must not, Brooks. There are Borgias in yon house."

My hand was on his arm and I was looking into his face.

"I believe it all now," said he, shaking off my grip. "I am not going away. I shall remain till this mystery is solved. Go up to the house, but don't cross those people there." And he was off like a shot, whilst Flavia and I proceeded silently towards the House of Fear.

CHAPTER X.

A RAY OF HOPE.

It was midnight before I heard a step on the porch beneath my room, and then the front door opened. All this came up to me in the silent watches of the night, for I had not slept on account of the master and Annabelle.

I felt that Brooks was below. Slipping down the broad staircase, I beheld him standing in the dim light that entered the hall from the library. At sight of me he came forward.

"Annabelle?" said I, feeling for his arm.

"I have this," and he drew from beneath his coat a ribbon which I had often seen the girl wear.

At sight of it a cry came to my lips, but seeing my expression the big fellow laid his hand on my shoulder and shook his head.

"No cry, miss," said he, lowering his voice, but still holding the crimson ribbon in the light. "I don't know what to make of it."

"Where did you find it?" I managed to gasp.

"Beside the big round rock at the river bend."

Hope went out of my heart that instant. I thought I should fall at Brooks' feet, but will power sustained me.

"I don't know what to make of it all," he repeated, glancing up the stair. "The ribbon was there, but no Annabelle. You know the water is very swift at the round rock——"

"Yes, yes, and there are dangerous eddies," I interrupted.

He nodded and glanced up the steps again.

"I traced her down to the water's edge," he went on, each word sinking like weights of lead into my soul. "It can't be that she was in one of her trances for the bed-clothes, as I have told you, were not turned down when I investigated. She went to the river with her eyes open."

"But why?"

"Aye, that is it. Why?"

The face of the man before me was tense and white.

"Where is the master?" he suddenly asked.

"He has long been asleep?" I answered. "The others are in their rooms."

"You are quite sure of all this?"

His manner startled me.

"When Flavia and I came back to the house we saw there was a light in Teresa's room——"

"It is there yet," broke in Brooks.

"Then she is abed."

"I will see."

I saw him climb the stair like a man with a terrible purpose.

"Woe to you, Teresa Hope," I said to myself, "if you incur the hatred of David Brooks!"

He was gone even as I watched him, and I silently waited for his report. Presently I described his figure coming down, and the next moment his dark eyes were looking into mine.

"She is not in her room," said he, putting his face almost against mine. "Her couch has not been tumbled all this night."

I said nothing, but just looked at him and wondered.

"Her door is locked," he went on. "I looked into the room by drawing myself up to the transom. The light is still burning on her table, but she is gone."

Instantly a thought that vibrated every nerve of my system sent a nameless thrill through my being.

"What if she has gone to circumvent Reginald?" I almost cried.

"It may be a flight," said Brooks coolly. "If so, we have to deal with the doctor only."

"But I must know where Teresa went," I answered, and he nodded as he said:

"It seems important, since Annabelle is missing. What has become of Teresa and the girl?"

I saw him look eagerly towards the library just off to our right and I followed his gaze.

"Miss Reynolds, I was ordered out of that room not long since," he went on, speaking strongly with the passion of a giant. "The old man's words burned a track through my brain. I don't believe he knew what he was saying. I wish I could see him."

"But he is asleep, and the doctor's orders——"

"To hades with that doctor!" flashed Brooks. "Keep guard at the door here, Miss Reynolds. If the master isn't dead, I'll know whether he spoke for himself or for Doctor Dunlape."

I saw him enter the library and move on tiptoe towards Rostan Gosnold's sleeping chamber. In another moment he had turned the knob of the bed chamber and was out of sight. I stood in the hallway with my gaze riveted upon the landing above. At first sight of a figure there I would raise the alarm, for there was no one to come down but Forbes Dunlape.

In a few moments I saw Brooks emerge from the master's room and glide towards me. There was a strange light in his eye, which I could perceive despite the dim light in the library.

"Come," said he, in low tones, as he drew near. "Something strange has happened."

Silently I followed the big fellow across the carpet, and we entered the bedchamber together. Brooks caught up the little night lamp on the old man's table and held it over the placid face on the pillows.

"What do you say?" and he looked at me with bursting curiosity.

I bent over the sleeper and gazed for a minute upon the countenance before me. A change had surely taken place. It seemed as though the hue of health had come back to Rostan Gosnold's face. The old pallor had vanished and the emaciation was gone. I could have clapped my hands and shouted for joy.

The foe of the noble was fighting a victorious battle. I could think of nothing else. My antidote was doing its work, and the insidious poison which had been fed to the old man's veins was losing its accursed power.

"What does it mean?" I heard Brooks ask. "He has changed since I saw him last."

I said nothing, but drew from its hiding place in my bosom the little phial, from which I dropped five liquid globules into the night glass on the table. Brooks looked on like a man in a maze.

"Is it your work?" he whispered at my side. "Is it you who are bringing him back to health."

"No, it is the foe to death," I said, putting the phial away. "It is this that is fighting the battle."

Out in the hall I bade Brooks good night.

"I shall have no rest," said he, "till I have found Annabelle."

But would he find her? I knew how swiftly the river ran by the round rock, and how it carried afar on its cold bosom everything that came within its reach.

It was the next day that I awoke from a brief and troubled slumber and went down to breakfast.

"The master is eating his breakfast for the first time in the diningroom," cried Flavia, when I encountered her. "What miracle is this, Miss Alice?"

I could not believe the evidence of my ears, but the tall maid insisted, nor would I give up until I had slyly opened the door and looked into the room. There he was, wrapped in his dressing gown, at the table, with the hue of betterment on his cheeks and a new light in his eyes.

What would Doctor Dunlape say?

Twenty minutes later, as I was coming out of my little breakfastroom, I suddenly came face to face with this man of evil. He stopped short the moment our eyes met.

"You are early astir," said he with mock civility, as he eyed me like a hawk. "Are you always up with the songbirds?"

"I had a bad night of it," I answered.

FREE
BIG CATALOG OF HOME FURNISHINGS

WE GIVE CREDIT TO ALL

Offering 3862 Bargains On Credit

A Year to Pay

No matter where you live or how much you earn, you can buy your home-furnishings here—on credit—without publicity—without red tape. We have trusted the great working class for over 27 years, and we know they are honest. Several hundred thousand people all over the country have open accounts with us. We give them over a year to pay for anything they buy. You too, can have the same easy-to-pay terms on any of the 3862 things in our catalog.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

Straus & Schram, Inc.,
Dept. 1158, 35th St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—Please send me the catalog checked "X"

☐ General House Furnishings ☐ Stoves and Ranges ☐ Ladies' Clothing ☐ Men's Clothing

Name ....
Post Office ....
Address ....
....
State ....
19

Sent for $1.25
Pay Only 75c Monthly
Total Price $6.95
No. AK387
Our Belle Oak Heater Burns any kind of fuel. Is splendidly nickeled trimmed, 43 inches high and has 10 inch fire pot. A guaranteed heater and big fuel saver.

Factory Prices

Our catalog shows an endless variety of beautiful things that make the home more cheerful and comfortable. The largest city store does not show so many home conveniences—over ten acres of furnishings. This catalog is made up of special lots of household things, bought for cash from makers who were hard pressed for ready cash, or from factories whose outputs we control.

30 Days Free Trial

Anything you select from our bargain catalog will be sent you for 30 days approval. You may use the goods a whole month before you decide to buy them. If they are not more than satisfactory, return the goods at our expense. We'll refund your small first payment, and even pay the freight charges both ways. Back of this offer is the endorsement of First National Bank of Chicago.

Sent For $1.75
Only $1 Monthly
No. A1095
Solid Oak 42 inch top pedestal table finished in rich flaky grain of golden. Has hand carved legs. Only a limited lot to close out at this special saving price of $10.95.

Send for Free Catalog

Send the coupon or a postal—today and we will send you Free and Postage Paid, this great book of house-furnishing bargains. Do this now.

No. A525
Sent for $1.00
Richly hand carved rocker finished in American Quarter Sawed Oak, Upholstered in chase leather, a marvel of comfort and beauty. Sold at guaranteed saving of 25%. Total Price, $5.25
Only 50c Monthly

15 to 50% SAVINGS ON
Furniture Draperies Chinaware Refrigerators
Rugs Stoves Carpets Silverware Washing Machines
Lamps and Clocks Go-Carts Pianos Sewing Machines
Women's Clothing Men's Clothing Musical Instruments

EASY TO PAY TERMS
While you are using the goods
On $10.00 Purchase Pay $1.00 Cash 75c Monthly
On 25.00 Purchase Pay $3.75 Cash $2 Monthly
On 50.00 Purchase Pay $7.50 Cash $4 Monthly

No. AK 4942
Sent for $2.50
This elegant Brussels Rug, woven of extra heavy all-wool worsted yarns, is another example of the 3862 bargains in our big catalog. Comes in colors green, red and tan, size 9x12 feet. $20 value, our price only $15.50.
Only $1.25 Monthly

STRAUS & SCHRAM, Inc., Dept. 1158 35th Street, CHICAGO

Want This Outfit? Live Agents—I Want To Pay You $3000 To Work For Me This Year

Trinola Talcum Powder Buttermilk Soap Pearl Tooth Paste Shampoo Cuticle Soap Cream My Lady Tar Soap Shampooing Face Powder

I'VE got the greatest money making proposition in the country to offer wide-awake men. It is easy to pick up $10 to $20 a day representing me, and your business keeps getting better the longer you are with me.

By offering this "Lucky 'Leven" outfit (value $3.20) to your customers for only $1.00, don't you think you can make a hit in your town? It will pay you big, too.

Here Is the Explanation:

I am a big manufacturer in Chicago and sell only through my representatives. I make the Finest Toilet Articles and Soaps in the country. My scheme of introducing them is a tremendous money maker.

Big Money—Easy Work We Back You with our capital and experience and supply everything you need with full instructions so that you can start right out at once to make money. The goods sell themselves. You would understand this better if you saw my Soap and Toilet Article Combinations. I manufacture my own goods, and sell direct through my own representatives only—that's why you can offer better goods than others and undersell them 25 to 50% and still make for yourself 150 to 300% profit.

My claim that you can make $3000 per year is quite conservative—for you can actually make more than that if you want to hustle and put energy and ginger into your work.

What Others Are Doing G. O. Earnest for five consecutive days averaged $3.00 an hour profit. The following week one day he made $25.00 in 5 hours. E. F. Newcome averages 30 orders a day, a profit of over $15.00 a day. J. C. Messick reports 45 to 55 sales a day, averaging easily $20.00 daily profit. They are going at a clip away beyond the $3,000 a year mark set for you. It is partly up to the man—UP TO YOU—our nobby goods and "the plan" do the rest.

Special Offer I want a live agent at once in every community, and in order to establish an agent in your territory I am making a Special Offer whereby you can get this entire outfit, with a handsome plush lined leatherette case, without any cost to yourself, if you reply at once. Get my literature and valuable information now. This is no ordinary proposition—I TALK big money for you and I MEAN IT. You can't afford NOT to write, no matter how much of a doubter you may be. Just a postal or a letter saying "send me your plans," will bring you the whole proposition FREE. Send today, address:

E. M. DAVIS, Pres., E. M. Davis Soap Co., 412 Davis Bldg., 1446 Carroll Ave., Chicago, Ill.

A BEAUTIFUL 31-PIECE DINNER SET
FOR A FEW HOURS WORK

Do You Want This Beautiful Dinner Set?

Simply send us your name and address and we will send you one dozen boxes of our famous WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE, in handsome tin boxes, also one dozen Beautiful Art Pictures (no two alike), stores usually charge $1.00 each for them. Sell the salve at 25c per box and give one picture free. When you have sold all, send us the $3.00 and we will send you this beautiful 31 piece dinner set. Every piece full size handsomely decorated with violets and gold border. WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE has been used by millions for over 15 years and is the best remedy known for cuts sores, piles, eczema, catarrh, colds, etc.

This is an opportunity you should not miss. Write to-day.

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 54 Tyrone, Pa.

BOYS! Earn $1.00 to $5.00 a Week

selling the BLADE and LEDGER. These are the two greatest papers published and people in every town want to have some one they can buy them from each week. We give you two cents out of each nickle you take in. You don't send us any money until you sell the papers. You sell the papers on Friday afternoons and Saturday mornings. It is easy to sell them and get steady customers. You can send back the headings of all papers you can't sell, and we won't charge you for them. You can't LOSE. Be one of the boys who make steady money each week, and OWN A PAPER ROUTE OF YOUR OWN. Just fill out the blank below and we will send you a complete agent's outfit and a letter telling you just how to sell the papers and what to say. We tell you exactly how to get customers. It is easy. GET THE JOB BEFORE SOME OTHER BOY BEATS YOU!

........................Fill this out and send it to us today........................

W. D. BOYCE CO.
500 Dearborn Ave.
Chicago, Ill. Ad.2.
I want to sell the BLADE and LEDGER. Please send me..........papers.

NAME..
Street or R. F. D. No..
Age...... Town.. State.........

Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday
By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.
500 Dearborn Avenue.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to The Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to The Chicago Ledger. Subscription price in Canada $1.50 a year. We do not send receipts for money paid on subscriptions; the address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger can be had by addressing this office. Always give the numbers desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address, and your order will receive prompt attention. Price 5 cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of the Ledger and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

ADVERTISING RATES.

The advertising rate is $1.85 per Agate Line per issue. About eight words to a line, 14 lines to an inch. This price also includes insertion of the advertisement in THE SATURDAY BLADE. THE BLADE and LEDGER together have a circulation of

875,000 COPIES WEEKLY

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO
CHICAGO LEDGER, CHICAGO, ILL.

GENTLE JABS.

Family trees are known by the fruits thereof.

A wise man may forgive, but only a fool will forget.

A girl seldom attempts to extinguish the spark of love.

It's easier for a woman to coax a man than drive a nail.

And a lazy man will take any kind of a job he can't get.

And one-half the world wonders why the other half lives.

The experience you buy is seldom up to the sample submitted.

You may have noticed that easy money is difficult to retain.

Don't shorten your nights in attempting to lengthen your days.

A youth who has to scratch for his living sows very few wild oats.

The way to get your expectations to come true is not to have any.

It's what our neighbors haven't that makes us appreciate what we have.

A man is justified in waiting a long while for a woman who is worth while.

A grass widow says it is easier to catch a husband than it is to lose him later.

A man can talk on a dozen different subjects easier than a woman can stop talking on one.

Don't think because you close your eyes to your faults that your neighbors will do likewise.

It is the little things of life that are most annoying. Even the small mosquito bores one dreadfully.

A widower says it is better to have loved and been bossed than never to have been married at all.

He who always does unto others as he would have others do unto him is an honest man—but he is scarce.

If a word to the wise is sufficient the average married woman must consider her husband foolish indeed.

Once a bachelor who thought he knew it all married a widow, only to discover he was still in the kindergarten class.

The undying love of an old toper for liquor goes to prove that familiarity doesn't always breed absolute contempt.

"I thought a cup of coffee would brace my nerves, and ——"

"You don't look much like they need bracing," he interrupted. "I have new orders for you, Miss Reynolds."

I had stopped in front of him and was searching his countenance while I waited for his next words.

"Mr. Gosnold's condition is such that I must forbid reading to him," he went on.

I felt my cheek tingle under his words.

"I shall keep him in his bedchamber for a few days and see how the change affects him."

I could have smiled in the man's face.

"I take my orders from Mr. Gosnold himself," I said, with all the coolness I could muster. "I am under his orders."

"But I am his physician," said he, raising his voice in tones of command. "I must be obeyed in this house."

"Then you do not know that Mr. Gosnold has just been in to breakfast in the little room?"

He started as though an arrow had pierced him vitally.

"What, in to breakfast?" he cried. "It is impossible, Miss Reynolds."

"You might step into the library and ask him," I replied. "I am sure he will confirm my assertion."

He moved toward the library and opened the door. I sent after him a glance of victory, but did not stir.

For half a minute he seemed to be regarding the scene which had presented itself to him, and then he came back to me with the mien of a tiger.

"I repeat that I am the one to be obeyed in this house; he almost hissed in my ears. "I forbid you hereafter to enter the presence of Mr. Rostan Gosnold."

I regarded him with eyes that must have been orbs of triumph to the man before me.

"I enter his presence when I please, Doctor Dunlape!" I flashed in his face, and walked deliberately away.

CHAPTER XI.

ROBBERY.

All that day and the next I waited for news from Reginald. The mystery which hung over Annabelle's fate was as dark as ever. Brooks had twice consulted me in his quarters, but he gave me little hope.

I felt certain that Reginald would communicate with me at the first opportunity, but the waning hours dampened my expectations. What was he doing? Had he found Madame Mantelli, and was his mission fraught with any success?

There was yet one more mail for the day, and I waited for it with my brain in a fever. If it brought nothing, then I would believe that Reginald had failed.

It was a mile from Shadow Farm to the little postoffice, and at the shriek of the mail train I threw a shawl over my head and bolted through the grove. The shadows deepened round me, and the faster my thoughts sped through my brain the fleeter grew my feet.

There was a letter, and at sight of the postmark I retired to one corner of the dingy room and opened the envelope. It was from Reginald, but it was so brief.

"Dear Miss Reynolds," I read, "I have found Madame Mantelli. She is French. As you have never before watched over any one, watch now over Annabelle. It is a terrible doom that impends.

"REGINALD GAY."

I folded the letter and looked around. What could I say? Annabelle was gone. The letter had come too late. I felt my blood congeal in my veins. The lights in the little room seemed to dance before my eyes. I staggered into the dark. Reginald had given me no address. I did not know how to reach him. He had told me so little of his life that I was in a maze.

Far away through the gloom I saw the lights of the House of Fear. I watched them for a moment, and then resolved to return. As I stepped into the darkness beyond the lights, a figure flitted past me and hurried into the postoffice. It was the figure of Doctor Dunlape. I crept back and saw him ask for his mail. Two letters were handed to him, and I saw him thrust them into his pocket as he turned away.

Farther back into the darkness I moved and watched him through the window. He went over to the writing desk in one corner and took the letters from his pocket. After reading them, he began to write on the paper tablet reserved for patrons, then he purchased an envelope and mailed his letter.

As yet he had no idea of my near proximity. He did not dream that he was being observed by a pair of eyes whose owner would have given almost life itself to know what was in his letters and what he had written in reply.

After finishing his task he coolly lit a cigar and came out on the steps in front of the postoffice. I could make out his figure by the light that prevailed, and never in all my life did I so want to pounce upon a human being and wrest from him the contents of his pockets.

At last he stepped down and buttoned his coat to his chin, for the air was cool and the wind piercing.

Secure in my position, I resolved to let him go ahead, and presently he passed me, unconscious of my presence. In another moment I had stepped into his very tracks, but his figure was now but dimly seen.

All at once I saw Doctor Dunlape halt and heard him utter an exclamation of alarm.

"What is it, sir?" he said to some one whose form I could just make out.

There was no reply.

"Stand off!" Forbes Dunlape continued, menacingly. "This is not a highway and I won't stand highway robbery!"

The answer was the lurching forward of a burly figure, and it fell upon Doctor Dunlape with the force of a bolt of iron. He toppled and went backward, but the assailant kept his hold, and I saw the two struggling on the ground almost at my feet.

I drew back and stifled the cry that bubbled to my throat.

It was apparent that the lithe doctor was no match for the man who had fallen upon him. The struggle was a brief one, the assailant rose, and I saw him stuff something within his blouse, and the next moment he was running away like a deer.

The air behind him was full of imprecations uttered with all the bitterness the human voice could express. Forbes Dunlape raved like a tiger. I saw him turn round and bolt back into the postoffice. I heard him call out that he had been robbed, I saw the postmaster come from behind his window and listen to the story of the ferocious assault.

Who could have robbed Doctor Dunlape and why? My brain whirled as I tried to canvass the matter.

As he turned from the building, I whirled and ran towards the House of Fear.

Some person had robbed the man whom I would have despoiled, and my congratulations were with the audacious nighthawk.

Up over the path I went with all the speed I could throw into my limbs. I saw again the lights of Shadow Farm and then one that seemed to shine in Brooks' quarters.

I made my way to the latter place and peered in at the window. Brooks was seated complacently before his fire, and the light streamed over his broad, handsome face.

When I lifted the latch of his door, his face broadened into a smile and he fixed his gaze upon me.

"You've been out, Miss Reynolds," he exclaimed, glancing at my habit. "Your dress is all draggled. Where in the world have you been?"

"I've been after my mail," I answered.

A sudden change came over the man's face.

"I've been out a little myself," he replied, his gaze for a moment seeking the floor at his feet.

"Looking for Annabelle, I suppose?"

"Not so much for the girl as for other game," he said. "Did you witness the trick I turned?"

I started at his words, but did not reply. Something told me that before me sat the highwayman.

"I saw some one," said I presently, watching him closely. "It was a neat trick, I think."

"Rather a successful one," Brooks answered. "He was no match for me. He may know a good deal about medicine, but when it comes to measuring strength with Dave Brooks he's not in it, Miss Reynolds."

"It was really you, then?"

He did not speak, but fished from an inner pocket two letters which he proceeded to open.

"Not much, perhaps," he said, looking up at me, "but something. That's a sleek doctor, but none too sleek for one who is his master. One of the letters is from a woman who calls herself Marie Mantelli——"

I started and uttered a little cry.

"What does she say?"

"It's written in French, and it's a good thing that I was partly brought up by a French aunt who taught me the language." Brooks' face was literally ablaze with triumph now. "If it had been written in Italian or some other lingo, I would be entirely at sea. You can't read French?"

I shook my head negatively.

"Well," continued Brooks, "this Madame Mantelli, whom I take is a harridan of villainy, informs the good doctor that she is ready to take the girl as soon as she has a chance, and will take care of her till further orders. That's nice, now, isn't it, miss?"

"She means Annabelle, no doubt?"

"Of course. She says she has been visited by a young man whom she believes is a spy of some kind, and she wants to know if the genial doctor has any enemies in this locality."

My breath came and went in little gasps as Brooks proceeded. The plot was deepening.

"What is in the other letter?" I asked anxiously.

"It's in plain English and was posted at Woodopolis, the nearest town, and not in the city. It's from your old friend Teresa and she assures the doctor that she will see that the girl—you see the name of Annabelle isn't written once—is landed safe in the right place. She adds a nice postscript that will delight you, Miss Reynolds. She says: "Keep an eye on the meddler of Shadow Farm, and use harsh measures when necessary."

Brooks leaned back and laughed as my face whitened at the commands from Teresa Hope.

"That's all," resumed Brooks. "Annabelle is not in the river. She has been

MENS COMPLETE OUTFIT
FINE NAVY BLUE WOOL SERGE SUIT SWELL STRIPED WORSTED TROUSERS AND DANDY SAFETY RAZOR $4.95

SAFETY RAZOR FREE

Until they are gone we will sell 15,000 year around weight navy BLUE WOOL SERGE MEN'S SUITS at $4.95, and as a premium and adv. we will give FREE with each suit at $4.95 a pair of fine fancy stripe worsted trousers, and if you order within 30 days we will throw in as a special premium with the suit and extra trousers at $4.95 a highly nickeled, full size safety razor, guaranteed to shave as perfectly as any $5.00 safety razor regardless of name or make.

THE SUIT is Daly's finest grade navy blue wool serge a splendid fast color fabric of perfect weave and beautiful changeless finish. It is stylishly made up by expert tailors in latest single breasted sack style to fit perfect, is serge lined, elegantly finished; guaranteed better than exclusive clothiers' $8 to $10 suits or no sale. Sizes 32 to 42 in around breast.

THE FREE TROUSERS which we give with the suit at $4.95 are made of beautiful dark, fancy striped worsted, are very stylish finely tailored and perfect fitting.

This is the most astonishing and wonderful clothing offer ever made. We openly challenge any firm to equal it.

SEND $1.00 deposit, mention No. X41, give chest measure over vest, waist measure over trousers, length of inseam and height and weight, and we will send the fine navy blue wool serge suit and extra pair of elegant fancy striped worsted trousers and fine safety razor by express subject to examination at the express office, you to pay the balance, $3.95 and express charges, after you examine the clothes and find them perfectly satisfactory, a perfect fit, the greatest clothing bargain you ever saw, and equal to any suit and extra trousers you ever saw at $10.00 to $12.00, and as stylish an outfit as there is in your neighborhood regardless of price; otherwise we will promptly refund your $1.00. Order the outfit today or send for our big cloth sample book (BE SURE and ASK FOR BOOK NO. 27) which contains 100 fine cloth samples of ready made suits at $4.85 up, trousers 98c up, overcoats $4.98 up, slip on raincoats $4.50, cravanettes $5.00, and complete stocks of cold weather clothing, such as fur coats, duck, corduroy and sheepskin clothing, sheep lined coats and all kinds of men's and youths' clothing. Order the outfit or write for the sample book No. 27 today. Do it now.

THE FREE SAFETY RAZOR We give with each suit and extra trouser outfit at $4.95 is full size, highly nickeled, complete with blade of finest razor steel perfectly ground, honed and stropped, guaranteed to shave as clean, cool and comfortable as any $5.00 safety razor or your money back immediately.

If you need MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS send for OUR FREE CATALOG OF MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS. Fleece lined underwear 39c, ribbed heavy underwear 39c, sweaters 98c, and wholesale price for hats, caps, gloves, shirts and every kind of apparel for men and boys.

JOHN M. SMYTH CO. 150-207 West Madison St., CHICAGO

ANTISEPTIC
JOHN M. SMYTH COMPANY SAFETY RAZOR
J.M.S. CO.

These FREE 4 RINGS

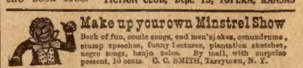
Write for 12 sets Collar Buttons & Pins to sell at 10c. a set. Remit $1.20 when sold and we will send FREE these 4 genuine gold plated rings guaranteed to give satisfaction.
FRIEND SOAP CO.
Dept. 388 Boston, Mass.

CAMERA & PHOTO FRAME FREE

We give Camera, 2 packages plates, developing outfit, instructions and handsom photo brooch frame FREE for selling only 12 sets collar buttons and pins at 10c a set. You can earn money making photo brooches with this. Write for goods. FRIEND SOAP CO., Dept. 137, Boston, Mass.

"HER MIDNIGHT MARRIAGE"

The greatest love story ever written; a fascinating tale of love and romance; thrilling scenes; startling climaxes. To quickly introduce our popular Household magazine, we send it 3 months for only 10c and include the book free. FICTION CLUB, Dept. 15, TOPEKA, KANSAS



Make up your own Minstrel Show

Book of fun, comic songs, end men's jokes, conundrums, stump speeches, funny lectures, plantation sketches, negro songs, banjo solos. By mail, with surprise present, 10 cents. C. C. SMITH, Tarrytown, N. Y.

HYPNOTISM Learn this wonderful science. Influence others and make fun and money. YOU may learn it. Write for free particulars to M. D. BETTS, Desk 15, Jackson, Mich.

12 POST CARDS FREE

We will send you 12 of the prettiest post cards you ever saw if you will mention this paper and send 4c to pay postage and mailing and say that you will show our cards to 6 of your friends. D 29, NEW IDEAS CARD CO., 233 S. 5th St., PHILA., Pa.

GINSENG RAISING is the surest way to make Big money on Little capital. One acre produces 5,000 lbs. Sells at $6 lb. Requires your spare time only. Grows anywhere. I will buy all you raise. WRITE TODAY. T. H. SUTTON, 925 Sherwood Ave., LOUISVILLE, Ky.

TOBACCO HABIT CURED

Mrs. J. Kay, Room 2, Haymarket Building, Chicago, Ill., will send absolutely free prescription for her inexpensive and harmless Tobacco Cure, which has cured thousands of the tobacco habit. Any druggist can put it up.

STEM WIND & SET WATCH RING & CHAIN FREE
FOR SELLING ART PICTURES

We positively give FREE a STEM WIND, STEM SET, BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED, Plated WATCH, equal in appearance to a Solid Gold Watch, American made, guaranteed 5 years, and a beautiful Ring set with an Im. Diamond for selling only 20 large, beautiful colored Pictures, regular price 25c, at 10c each. Order 20 Art Pictures, and when sold send us $2, and we will positively send you the Watch, Ring & Chain. WILLARD WATCH CO., Dept. B 1 CHICAGO

98 Cards for 10c Different sorts, gold Birthday, Greeting Embossed, etc. Sent postpaid for 10c. stamps or coin. HOPKINS' NOV. CO. D 32 Belleville, Ill.

ASTHMA Instant relief and positive cure. Trial treatment mailed free. Dr. Kinsman, Box 768, Augusta, Me.

FORTUNE TOLD — Mysteries of life unveiled. Three 2c stamps and birthdate brings wonderful reading. Prof. Millet, Box 725, St. John's, Newfoundland.

I AM NOT AFRAID OF APPENDICITIS

I Can Eat All I Want To Now. I'm Safe Because I've Read the ADLER-I-KA BOOK.

Have you wind on the stomach, sour stomach, constipation, nausea or heavy feeling after eating? Then you are almost sure to get a sudden attack of the treacherous Appendicitis at some time when you least expect it.

Do you want to get INSTANT relief from all your bowel and stomach trouble? To be positively safe from Appendicitis? So you can eat anything you want to and as much as you want to without ever giving Appendicitis a thought?

Then write your name below, enclose a 2-cent stamp and you will get the ADLER-I-KA BOOK entirely free. It's different from any book you ever saw; it tells what only few doctors know; it will surprise and astonish you. It shows many curious pictures and tells how you can INSTANTLY relieve bowel or stomach trouble, how Appendicitis is caused, how it can be cured without operation and HOW YOU CAN EASILY PREVENT IT. You wouldn't take $10.00 for what you will learn from this book—yet it's free for a 2-cent stamp. Address: Adlerika Co, Dept. 32, St. Paul, Minn.

Name ....

Address ....

PRICE LIST SENT FREE UPON APPLICATION

RIEGER'S MONOGRAM WHISKEY
RIEGER'S
Monogram
EXTRA
FINE
Whiskey
BOTTLED BY J. RIEGER & CO.

RIEGER'S Monogram WHISKEY

Express Prepaid

8 Full Quarts Rieger's Monogram Private Stock $5

4 Full Quarts Rieger's Monogram Extra Fine $3

FREE two sample bottles, gold tipped glass and corkscrew with every order

Over 165,000 customers have proven that our whiskey is far the best ever distilled. For smoothness and mellowness of flavor it cannot be equalled. Send remittance with order. Money refunded if whiskey is not perfectly satisfactory. Order today.

J. RIEGER & CO.
1656 Genesee Street,
Kansas City, Mo.

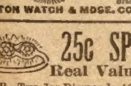
Free to Trappers

Send us your name and address and we will send you a supply of these tags free. Put them on your furs when shipping and you are guaranteed absolutely the best prices. We are the most liberal fur house in America. SEND TODAY FOR FREE PRICE LIST. We Charge no Commission as we are Direct Buyers.

Lotz Bros.
119 Elm St. St. Louis, Mo.

LOTZ BROS.
DIRECT BUYERS OF FURS
ST. LOUIS
MO

BEAUTIFUL BRACELET FREE



This stylish adjustable bracelet is heavily plated. Looks like Solid Gold. Has large raised lion's head with three settings. We give it free for selling 20 packages new REAL WATER COLOR AND XMAS CARDS at 10 cents per package. Order Post Cards today—When sold, send us $2.00, and Bracelet will be sent to you promptly.

ALTON WATCH & MDSE. CO., Dept. 654, Chicago, Ill.

25c SPECIALS

Real Value $1.50

123 B—Two Jar Diamonds, ⅙ carat each.
122 B—Five Jar Diamonds, { or choice of colored centre stone.

Send stamps or coin. Write for Bargain Sheets. Address JAR DIAMOND CO., 114 East 23rd Street, NEW YORK, N.Y.

PILES *External Bleeding Itching* CURED

WITHOUT KNIFE, PAIN or DANGER

Dr. H. J. Whittier's Pine-Balm proves it. Free Trial sent to all who suffer with piles. If you wish immediate relief write at once. Send no money. Address

WHITTIER CO. Dept. 11, 9 & Del. Kansas City, Mo.

spirited away secretly by some one in the employ of the two plotters. By this time, no doubt, she is in the hands of Madame Mantelli, and Reginald, who, I suppose is 'the spy' referred to in the French letter, is to be dealt with according to his deserts if he repeats his visits."

I could not speak for a moment. While I was pleased to know that Annabelle was still living, I was maddened by the thought that she was in the hands of an accomplice of the plotters of the House of Fear.

"You must spare me!" I cried to Brooks. "Mr. Gosno'' is now on the mend. The enemy of the nobl is doing its work nobly. You are capable of taking care of the doctor. From what I have seen of your work tonight I can recommend you as his superior."

"But you, Miss Reynolds?" said Brooks. "You cannot combat Teresa Hope and Madame Mantelli?"

"I can try!" cried I, assuringly. "Annabelle is the one in the greatest danger now. I will surrender my antidote to you for the present. It is bringing the poisoner's victim back to life. It will rob Shadow Farm of all its fears. It——"

I never finished my sentence, for that moment the door flew open and a deafening report filled the lodge. Brooks sprang to his feet and tottered across the place.

CHAPTER XII.

A NEW THROW OF THE DICE.

In the flash of the deadly weapon which extinguished the light on Brooks' table, I obtained a fleeting glimpse of the man at the open door. He disappeared in an instant, but I knew him well. Brooks had fallen to the floor, and I ran to his side.

For a moment the horror of the whole thing overwhelmed me.

Doctor Dunlape had more than suspected the identity of the man who had despoiled him. He had taken the trail of vengeance, and the shot was the work of his murderous hand.

Brooks was not very seriously wounded, thanks to the unsteady hand of his would-be slayer, and after a while I left him comfortable and went back to the House of Fear.

It was still enough now.

With Rostan Gosnold on the mend, I felt that I could leave him for a space, but something was to occur to postpone my journey.

It was the middle of the next day when Teresa Hope returned.

I saw her come up the drive, holding her head with the haughtiness of a Queen, and she sailed into the house as though it belonged to her.

Noon had almost come when I descended to the library and found the master of Shadow Farm in his chair at the table. He looked curiously at me and motioned me to a seat.

"You see," said he with the exhilaration of a schoolboy, "the old blood is coming back."

He rested his hands on the table, and I beheld the full veins indicative of returning health.

"I am glad," said I, and then I wondered if he knew of Annabelle's disappearance.

"You and Flavia will come here at ten tonight," he went on. "We will take up that interrupted matter of the will."

I nodded acquiescence, although the obeying of his commands would interfere with my plans.

"Please to see if it is still safe," he resumed, glancing at the bookcase where the volume rested that contained the unsigned will.

I went over to the spot and drew the book from its place. A little gasp parted my lips when I opened it. The will was gone!

"What is it?" asked Rostan Gosnold, perceiving my start. "Is it not there?"

I carried 'he book to him and turned the leaves. A shadow of dismay clouded his face.

"Who can have taken it?" he cried, looking up into my face. "It has been stolen!"

I thought of telling him all I knew, and when I had replaced the book I had resolved to do so.

But as I turned from the shelves I heard a light footfall, and Teresa Hope entered the room. The moment our eyes met I knew there was an impassable gulf between us.

With a glance at me, she advanced to my charge and bent over him with an expression of tenderness which I knew was assumed.

Then I sa more than ever before the deep duplicity the human heart is capable of. Her face seemed to glow with the greetings that fell from her tongue. I saw the face of Rostan Gosnold warm towards her, and he held out his hand, which she took and pressed to her lips.

"The tide has turned," I heard her say. "We are so glad. The doctor says you will need no attendant now."

The gaze of the old man wandered to me.

"I do not care to dismiss Miss Reynolds—yet," he said. "She has been of such service that I would retain her longer."

"I will take her place," was the reply. "I have brought some excellent books from the city——"

"But Annabelle——"

I held my breath. It was the first time he had mentioned the girl for a long time.

I felt my gorge rise, and casting a look at Teresa Hope I strode forward till I stood before them.

"Annabelle is gone!" said I, throwing my look from the old man's face straight into hers.

"Gone? With whom? Reginald?"

"Not with Reginald," said I, still watching the tigress who was glaring at me with all the fierce intensity of her nature. "Annabelle has mysteriously disappeared."

"Is this true?"

T e master of Shadow Farm had turned full upon Teresa Hope, and there was no way by which she could avoid his question.

I felt that the old man in the chair had steeled himself for anything, and I ventured further.

"Heaven knows what has become of Annabelle," I said. "She has been traced some distance from the house, and there the trail ends."

The terror, the mystery of it all seemed to grip him like a monster.

He rose to his feet and towered in the light like a kingly person.

"I want the girl! I want Annabelle!" he cried, and his voice rang through the room like the clarion notes of a bugle. "Annabelle is gone, and you have kept thsi from me? She is betrothed to Reginald, she is my heir. I want Annabelle!"

Never before have I seen such rage set upon a human countenance as that which had taken possession of Teresa's face. I saw that her white hands were clinched till the nails bruised the palms. She was not looking at me, but through me. Her figure seemed to have increased two inches in stature.

"Where is Reginald?" demanded Rostan Gosnold, in the same piercing tones. "Why is he not here?"

Teresa Hope did not reply.

"Reginald is looking after the mystery," I said, with another look at the immobile woman in the middle of the room.

The next moment the hand of the master came down upon the table with the emphasis of a trip hammer.

"I am master here!" he almost roared. "I am master of Shadow Farm. The old energy has suddenly come back to me. I want Annabelle and I demand her."

He walked back to the chair and sat down, raising his face to me with a look I shall never forget.

"You must be calm," said Teresa Hope, insinuatingly. "Excitement will bring back the old malady."

"Where is Doctor Dunlape?"

He was answered quicker than thought. The words had not died from his lips when Doctor Dunlape appeared in the doorway and came forward with a singular look in his dark eyes.

I saw a swift glance pass between him and the woman with whom he had plotted.

With the cleverness of the profession, he bent over Rostan Gosnold and placed his hand on his pulse.

"You must be quiet," said he. "Everything hinges on quietude."

"I care not," and the old man jerked his hand from the physician's grasp. "They tell me that Annabelle is gone. Miss Reynolds says she has mysteriously disappeared."

The eyes of Forbes Dunlape flashed the glare of a devil upon me.

"Is this true?" he cried. "You told him so?"

"I told him. Is it not true?"

"The girl has not been well," the man said, turning again to Rostan Gosnold. "She walks in her sleep; she is being cared for among friends."

Friends!

I felt like resenting this falsehood, but kept my temper.

"She will come back?" and the master of the House of Fear looked up into the face of the man beside his chair.

Doctor Dunlape nodded, but I saw the gleam of malice in the depths of his eyes.

"Miss Teresa," continued Rostan Gosnold, "says I must dismiss Miss Reynolds, tha+ she will take her place? I want Miss Reynolds to remain."

"She shall remain," was the reply, but I saw the hidden meaning in those oily words. "I have no intention of dismissing Miss Reynolds."

The old man looked his thanks upon us all.

With another look I passed from the library and went up to my own apartment.

Was I to be balked in the plan I had formed? I intended to pay a visit to the city, for there I believed lay much of the mystery which had confronted me in that ' ursed house.

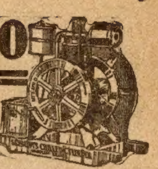
What new tack were these people taking? What new Borgia-like devilment were they up to?

When I emerged from my room, not long afterward, I came face to face with Teresa Hope in the corridor.

"We all trust Mr. Gosnold is permanently on the mend," said she with a sinister smile which I instantly detected. "Doctor Dunlape is delighted with the change. I brought some very readable books back with me, and you shall please him with them. I am glad that you are going to remain, Miss Reynolds."

With this we parted, and I saw her

(Continued on page fourteen.)



$7.50 And You Keep This Great Engine

We will ship you Schmidt's Chilled Cylinder Gasoline Engine on your simple request without an order or any promise from you. You use the engine 10 whole days—use it all you want. Then if you don't want it send it back at our expense. If you do wish to keep it, pay us **only $7.50 and you can pay the rest in the easiest monthly payments.**

We send you the engine free, to prove to you that it is the greatest **air cooled** 3 horse power engine on earth. We want you to see for yourself that it is better than any other engine that costs twice and three times as much—the only engine that has the powerful chilled cylinder.

Ten Days Trial FREE

This is the first genuine free trial ever offered on gasoline engines for farm and shop use. We want you to see that women and children can run this engine. Use the engine to run the pumps and any other machinery you may have. Schmidt's Chilled Cylinder Gasoline Engine is absolutely **guaranteed for five years** in every piece and part. The biggest bank in Iowa backs our $1,000 challange offer.

Send For FREE Catalogs

Write to us promptly for particulars and we will send you a copy of our new book, "How to Use Power," free and postpaid. Write to us today.

Schmidt Bros. Co. Engine Works
DEPARTMENT 5027 DAVENPORT, IOWA

WHISKEY COSTS ONLY 12c. A GALLON

A Kansas City Man Has Published a Book, Giving the Formula By Which the Whiskey Trust Makes Their $5 Per Gallon Whiskey For Only 12c. Per Gallon.

Fights the Whiskey Trust By Mailing His Book Containing Formula Free to Every One.

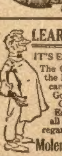
Mr. Marcel located at 1939 Main St., Kansas City, Mo., has published a book entitled "Secrets of the Whiskey Trust Exposed," in which he shows how the whiskey trust takes a bushel of corn, a pinch of barley malt, a penny's worth of yeast, and makes five gallons of whiskey at a total cost of less than 50c; and then sells it at from four to five dollars a gallon. He explains how the whiskey barons make their millions and shows who pays for their mansions and automobiles. The book is a fascinating story of a great crime against the consumers of whiskey.

Mr. Marcel is mailing out thousands of these books exposing the secrets of the whiskey trust on account of the trust's fight against him. Any one interested should write for the book, as it will be sent free.

Watch, Ring and Chain FREE

FOR SELLING OUR JEWELRY. This handsome AMERICAN MADE STEM WIND, STEM SET WATCH, engraved and proper size GUARANTEED FOR 5 YEARS. Also signet ring ready for your initial and a watch chain free to boys, girls or anyone selling 24 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10c each. Send us name and address and we will send jewelry postpaid. When sold send us the $2.40 and we will send the watch, ring, and chain FREE

HENRY JEWELRY CO. DEPT. 118 CHICAGO

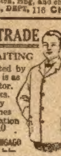


LEARN THE BARBER TRADE

IT'S EASY! POSITIONS WAITING

The OLD MASTER now supplanted by the MOLER GRADUATE who is as carefully prepared as a Doctor. Good wages after few weeks. Our manual for home study Established in 1893 33 branches all leading cities. For information regarding any one, write Dept. 10

Moler System of Colleges CHICAGO



$12 to $40 WEEKLY

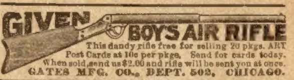
can be added to your income entire year, raising mushrooms in cellars, sheds, barns, boxes, etc. Markets waiting. Free illustrated instruction booklet. Address

HIRAM BARTON, 814 West 48th Street, New York, N. Y.

Remoh Gems

Looks like a diamond—wears like a diamond—brilliancy guaranteed forever—stands filing and fire like a diamond—has no paste, foil or artificial backing. 1-20th the cost of diamonds. Set only in 14k. solid gold mountings. A marvelously reconstructed gem. Not an imitation. Guaranteed to contain no glass. Sent on approval. Write for Catalog. It is free.

Remoh Jewelry Co., 421 N. Bdway, St. Louis



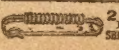
GIVEN BOYS AIR RIFLE

This dandy rifle free for selling 20 pkgs. ART Post Cards at 10c per pkge. Send for cards today. When sold, send us $2.00 and rifle will be sent you at once.

GATES MFG. CO., DEPT. 502, CHICAGO.

SONG POEMS AND MUSICAL COMPOSITIONS

—That are successful—bring fame and cash to their writers. Send us your manuscript, or write for FREE PARTICULARS. Publication guaranteed if accepted. H. Kirkus Dugdale Co., Desk 220, Washington, D. C.



2 Handsome and Strongest Gold Filled Collar Pins made, 10 Cts.

SHELBY JEWELRY Mfg CO. Covington, Ky

Able Assistant.

"That's a fearfully profane parrot you have."

"Yes," replied the canalboat man, "but I've got to have some help in driving these mules."

Unnecessary.

Earnest Speaker (more eloquent than truthful)—And I ask you, are you going to take this lying down?

Voice from Audience—No; the reporters are doing that.

HE CHANGED HIS MIND.

Chance to Demonstrate.

"This beauty surgeon claims he can remove wrinkles."

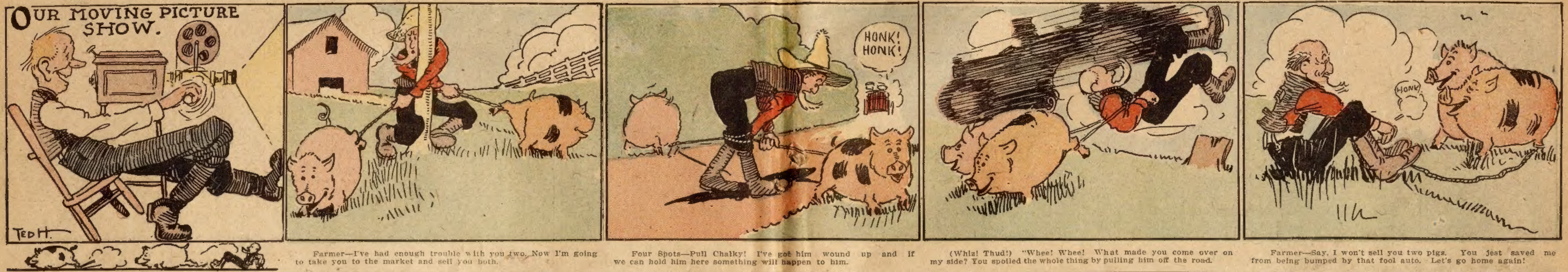
"Going to give him a trial?"

"I shall, provided he makes a demonstration on my pet bulldog first."

Work Involved.

"Couldst give me employment for the summer?" inquired Hamlet Fat.

"I couldst," answered Farmer Haw. "But you wanter remember that life on a farm ain't no barnyard drama."


OUR MOVING PICTURE SHOW.
TED H.
HONK! HONK!
HONK

Farmer—I've had enough trouble with you two. Now I'm going to take you to the market and sell you both.

Four Spots—Pull Chalky! I've got him wound up and if we can hold him here something will happen to him.

(Whiz! Thud!) "Whee! Whee! What made you come over on my side? You spoiled the whole thing by pulling him off the road.

Farmer—Say, I won't sell you two pigs. You jest saved me from being bumped by that fool auto. Let's go home again!

THE SONG OF THE TELLER.

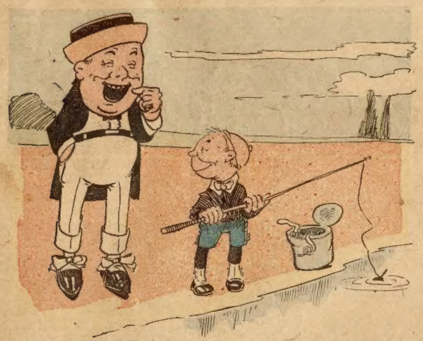
He was a teller in a bank and hummed
a little song;
He did his telling in a cage, thus kept
from doing wrong.
And this is what he ever sang where he
was safely penned:
"Money, money, everywhere, and not a
cent to spend."

When Bills Were Due.

Herr Langbart—A very intelligent puppy, that.

Herr Grosspaunch—Ach! Does he not bark at the letter carrier like a common cur?

Herr Langbart—Aber he barks at the letter carrier only on the first of the month!



Tall Party—You foolish boy; don't you know there are no fish in this pond?

Little Boy—Yes, there are. I just put ma's goldfish in. It wouldn't be square to catch them in the bowl.

The Doctor and the Delusion.

The Doctor (hastily summoned)—And what turn has your venerable uncle's illness taken?

The Heir-at-Law—Why, he is just now laboring under the delusion that he is about to get well.

The Doctor—Oh, you have called me just in time.

◆

Mrs. Pester—You used to compare me to a violet, so modest and pensive.

Mr. Pester—You used to be pensive, but now I find you expensive.

Quite Obvious.

A farmer, returning home late at night, found a man standing beside the house with a lighted lantern in his hand. "What are you doing here?" he asked savagely, suspecting he had caught a criminal. For answer came a chuckle and: "It's only me, zur."

The farmer recognized John, his shepherd.

"It's you, John, is it? What on earth are you doing here this time o' night?"

Another chuckle. "I'm a-coortin' Ann, zur."

"And so you've come courting with a lantern, you fool. Why, I never took a lantern when I courted your mistress."

"No, zur, you didn't, zur," John chuckled. "We can all zee you didn't, zur."

◆

Mean Thing.

He—Where do you suppose I found my collar button this morning, dear?

She—Under the bureau?

"No."

"Down in the furnace?"

"Nope."

"Out in the back yard?"

"Nixey."

"Oh, well, I can't guess, then! Where?"

"In my shirt."

◆

Seeking the Dependable.

"You say you had a sixty-horse power automobile?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Chuggins, "and there were times in the trip when I would have been willing to trade off all sixty for one real horse."

'MANDY'S DUTIES.

Ef 'Mandy wants to go to town
An' vote, election day,
All right! I won't complain nor frown.
She'd orter have some say—
Pervidin' she first does the chores
An' makes the children neat
An' bargains at the various stores
Fur what we wear and eat
An' keeps the house a-lookin' trim
An' has the table set
Fur supper when the day grows dim;
An' she must not forget
To read a chapter from the book
That helps us all go right.
You see the children sort o' look
Fur readin' every night.
An' she must put their garments in
A state of good repair
An' wake me up when I begin
A-noddin' in my chair.
If 'Mandy wants to vote I'll vow
The scheme is somethin' prime.
Though I confess I don't see how
She'd ever git the time!

◆

Bang-Up Aristocrats.

Senator Brown, apropos of the marital misadventures of a young multi-millionaire, said at a dinner in Washington:

"The trouble is that too many of our idle rich young men think that among their many rights is included the right to do wrong.

"They are, in truth, as foolish in this respect as the maidservant who said:

"'I've got a place among the top-notchers for sure this time. They're bang-up aristocrats I live with now.'

"'What do you mean by bang-up aristocrats?' a friend asked.

"'Oh, she replied, 'I mean places where they have three kinds of wine and the ladies smoke and the men swear.'"

◆

A Wide-Awake Constable.

"Ye say ye ain't been speedin', eh?" said Silas, as he stopped the car.

"Nary a speed," said the chauffeur, trying to be amiable.

"When did you leave Quinceville?" demanded Silas, suspiciously.

"Five o'clock this morning," said the chauffeur, with a wink at his companion.

"Five this morning, eh?" said the constable, catching the wink. "Taken ye six hours to come four miles. Wa-al, I guess I'll run ye in, anyhow, only I'll change the complaint from overspeedin' to obstructin' the highway."

◆

Rustic Barter.

"I thought you sold your automobile?"

"No," replied Farmer Corntossel; "I traded the machine off for that horse over there."

"But you seem to have both the auto and the horse."

"Yes. I made a contract that he was to give me the haulin' the machine out every time he got stuck or broke down. Finally he owed me so much that he turned the auto back as part payment."

◆

The Last Word.

"What's the first word in the dictionary?" asked the student.

"The article 'a' of course," replied Mr. Growcher.

"And what's the last word?"

"Ask my wife. She's an expert on the subject."

◆

Didn't Fear the Clan.

The chief of the Clan McIntosh once had a dispute with a cabby over the fare. "Do you know who I am?" the Highlander asked angrily. "I am the McIntosh."

"I don't care if you are an umbrella," retored the cabby. "I'll have my rights."

Pa Sykes—I thought you said your resemblance to Hiram was striking?

Davy Bilk—It was. When I said I looked like him he struck me.

◆

Sign of Superiority.

"Some of the primitive instincts linger in the highest civilization," said the statesman.

"Yes," replied the ethnologist; many of our communities cannot get away from the idea savages all have, that a man who manages to get possession of a high silk hat is thereby qualified to be a leader."

At the Hub.

Beacon Streete had called upon the fair maiden of his dreams, and she had received him eagerly.

"Oh, Becky, dear," she murmured as he entered the room, "have you seen papa?"

"I have endeavored to arrange an interview, Penelope," he replied, wearily, "but I have found him in such an extraordinarily loquacious state of intellectual absorption in his own immediate enterprise that I have been unable to insert a monosyllable edgewise."

"Why don't you try him with a few shorter words than usual, beloved?" whispered the fair one.

◆

Better a drawback than a setback.

Nephew—Aunt Fuss, you're always borrowing trouble.

Aunt—Well, I always pay it back, don't I?

◆

Not Party Fare.

Hostess—Will you have some bread and butter, darling?

Small Boy—Bread and butter! I thought this was a party.

◆

Persevering.

Patient—Say! that isn't the tooth I want pulled.

Dentist—Never mind, I'm coming to it.

Miss Pert—See those beautiful butterflies skimming over the fields?
Mr. Caustique—Indeed! What do they seem to be skimming?
Miss Pert—The milkweeds, I think.

What's the Use?

"Mother," said Bobby, after a full week of obedience, "have I been a good boy lately?"

"Yes, dear," replied his mother. "A very, very good boy."

"And do you trust me?" he continued.

"Why, of course mother trusts her little boy!" she answered.

But the chastened child was not pacified.

"I mean really, really trust me, you know," he explained.

"Yes; I realy, really trust you," nodded his mother. "Why do you ask?"

"Jest because," said Bobby, diving his hands into his pockets, and looking at her meaningly in the face, "if you trust me like you say you do, why do you go on hiding the jam?"

◆

Only a Moose.

"The modern woman isn't a bluff," asserted Mrs. Gobbolink, looking up from her newspaper. "This suffrage movement has more in it than mere ideas. The new woman is brave and fearless. Here is a story of a woman up in Canada who killed a mouse. It seems that she ——"

"Impossible!" interrupted Mr. Gobbolink. "There must be some mistake—read it again."

Mrs. Gobbolink searched out the paragraph and then blushed vividly. "How stupid of me," she stammered. "I did make a mistake. It wasn't a mouse she killed—nothing but a moose."

◆

Had to Show Them.

His dog was a fierce Airedale, which could whip, and had whipped, every other bow-bow in the neighborhood. Then he clipped his coat.

"Yes," he said to a friend, "the clipping was my own idea. I believe it made him look better, but it was very awkward for the dog."

"How was that?" queried his friend.

"Oh, the other dogs didn't know him. He had to fight them all over again."

◆

When Man Wakes Up.

He—Yes; its very true, a man doesn't learn what happiness is until he's married.

She—I'm glad you've discovered that at last.

He—Yes; and when he's married it's too late.

◆

A Narrow Escape.

Uncle Ezra (as the doctor drives by) —I hear Doc Cuttem had a pretty narrow escape last night.

Uncle Eben—You bet he did. He was taken sick about five miles out of town all alone and had to doctor himself.—Puck.

◆

A Fortifying Experience.

"You dictate all your letters?"

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "Sometimes you can get a pretty good idea of how little attention your letter is going to receive by watching the manner and facial expression of the stenographer."

◆

Secure.

The lightning bug rides on in peace,
His mind is free from doubt,
He knows that none of the police
Will say: "Your light is out!"

◆

The Latest Coiffure.

Bill (to his fiancee)—New style of doing the hair, isn't it? Lumme, I thought it wos a 'ospital bandage she'd got on 'er 'ed!"

Wise Tommy.

Teacher—What change takes place when water freezes?

Tommy (innocently)—A change in price, I guess.

◆

All Over the Place.

"Why are gossips so often considered authorities?"

"Because whatever they say goes."

Honeymoon Over.

It was Mrs. Youngbride's first plum pudding and her husband after a single taste laid down his spoon.

"I wonder why they call this plum pudding," she remarked, "when there isn't a plum in it?"

"I rather think," he responded, "that the original name was 'plumb,' for the dictionary defines that word as 'a little mass or weight of lead.'"

Mr. Wiley—This 'Storm at Sea' picture costs $200, and the 'Calm at Sea' is $125. Which shall I take?

Mrs. Wiley—Take the 'Calm at Sea' and maybe a storm will come up on it.

The Difference.

"Does your husband ever compare your ways with his family's?" asked the mischief-making friend.

"Oh, yes," said the little bride, dimpling, "but I never get angry."

"That's sweet of you," warmly exclaimed the friend, "but what does the brute say?"

"He says," replied the bride, "that there is nothing in our home like the rumpus his mother used to make."

◆

Truthful Man.

"You appear to have every confidence in your husband?"

"Well, he is very truthful. For instance, he sent me word yesterday that he was detained downtown."

"By business, eh?"

"No; by baseball."

◆

Continual Crying.

The Sweet Child—The angels must have a tough time of it, ma.

The Fond Parent—Why, Waldo. What do you mean?

T. S. C.—Well, what are they sore about? It says in the prayer-book, "Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry."

Miss Waller—She's in her teens.

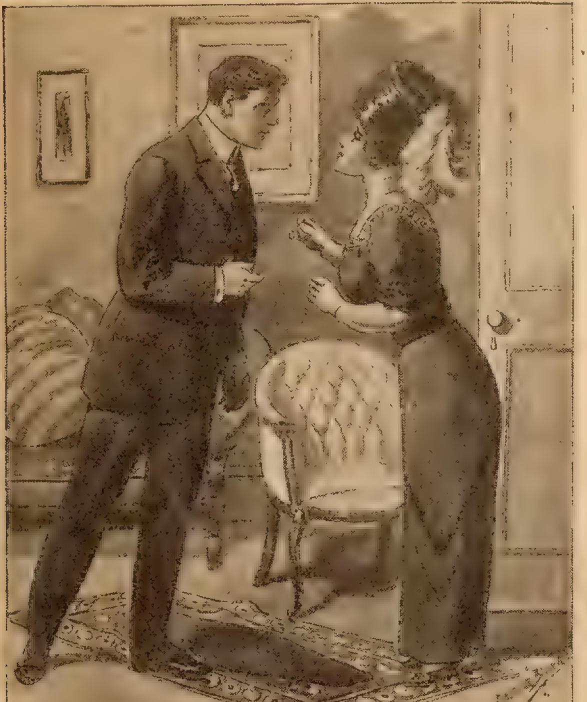
Miss Willer—Her teens? Why, she's more than twenty..

Miss Waller—Oh! I meant the size of her shoes.

THE STOLEN WHITE HOUSE;

Or, THE PRESIDENT'S RIVAL

By WILLIAM H. MANNING



"I wanted to see you so much."

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 39, Sept. 30. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER XVI.

COLGRAVE IS WANTED.

THE LIGHT shone from a smoke-begrimed lantern and the brighter spot was small and dim, but revealed a whiskery face and inquisitive, suspicious eyes.

"It's that blamed watchman!" whispered Cartley. "He has heard our fracas. If he's a friend of yours, send him away."

He was not Colgrave's friend, and the Texan was decidedly uneasy. He was not sure the fellow had been drawn there by a sound, for he recalled that he and Cartley had both descended in wet clothes, and it was certain that they had left a trail of dripping water. The telltale signs were likely to get them into trouble.

The watchman stared long, but suddenly the rats, long driven about and irritated, made a fresh scurry, and a loose, upstanding board fell with a clatter.

"Oho!" said the spy loudly, "so it's you, is it, you beauties? Out to rob an honest man of rest, be you? Lay low and be hanged to you!"

He slammed the scuttle down, and the circle of light was gone.

"All trouble over with," remarked Cartley easily. "The innocent parties get the blame, as is often the case. Let's offer up thanks to the rats."

Colgrave was not ready to agree fully. Once more he remembered that there must be a trail of water above, and though it had not yet been seen, it might be quickly discovered, but he had gained the impression that the new watchman was under the influence of strong drink in a mild way, so he hoped that he would not use his eyes sharply.

The secretary had been allowed to rise, and as his last remarks were not answered he soon spoke again.

"Well, what are we to do now?"

"What do you say?" asked Colgrave calmly.

"I should say—but, first, I want to get on even terms with you. You know me, but I don't know you. Who are you?"

"I have no authority to shout my identity to the four winds. Should I do so now, I can well imagine what Smith would say. My orders are strict. For tonight I'll pass as an unknown, but possibly when things have come to a head, you and I can have a laugh over this night's events."

"A laugh in the throat is worth two in the bush, so I prefer to laugh now. I must insist upon knowing who you are."

"Don't Mr. Cartley! It would not be a diplomatic move. Let's be Yankees and make a swap. Leave my identity alone—believe me, I have work to do, and you know Smith's iron will. Leave me alone, I say, and, in return, I'll keep the secret that you have been here on the sly. Is it a bargain?"

The secretary fell into thought, but finally appeared to think well of the suggestion.

"If we do it, how are we to get clear of this schooner with that secrecy preserved in all respects? If we evade the watchman, how can we evade each other?"

Now, the Texan had marked Cartley down as a traitor to his country, and as such, a rascal and a dangerous man, but there was something in his way that inspired his companion with faith in him otherwise. A vein of good humor and geniality was apparent, as well as a strong gentlemanly element; and it was likely that, under proper circumstances, he would be an agreeable, and possibly, a faithful companion. Be that as it might, Colgrave now saw but two ways to deal with him—to overpower and leave him where he was, or to trust him in a measure.

"If," he finally answered, "you will give your word to deal loyally with me, I'll give you your choice between leaving the Cormorant first or last. The new watchman is no keener than his successor, and we can both slip him. What do you say?"

"To go separately?"

"Yes."

"No dogging of each other afterwards?"

"None."

"We will draw lots. I'll hold two sticks, one longer than the other. You shall draw one. He who gets the longer stick shall go first."

"Mr. Cartley, I reckon you are a gambler at times, but that shall be passed by. Find your sticks."

With so much litter it was not difficult, even in darkness. The secretary formed two splinters, Colgrave drew, and it proved that he was to go first. Entering somewhat into his companion's easy humor he shook his hand and bade him good night, after which he passed up the steps. It occurred to him that he had drawn more than a long stick—he had the heavy end of the bargain. If the watchman was lurking in the cabin or companionway, trying to satisfy his former suspicions, it would be Colgrave, not Cartley, who would get into trouble.

When the scuttle was lifted he saw only blackness. Getting upon his feet he reclosed the way below, and pausing, listened long and intently.

Then, as on former occasions, he noticed a rising and falling of the schooner as the water pressed upon the hull—a something that would have impressed a sailor far more than it did him—but that was all. If the watchman was lurking close at hand, he was biding his time, so there was nothing to do but move on.

The companionway was an ugly place to look forward to, for if anybody waited there in hostility the advantage would not be with Colgrave.

He ascended the steps slowly, every sound of his movements reduced to the lowest point, but when his head rose to the level of the deck he did not meet the hostile blow that was expected. Survey established the watchman at the bows, so Colgrave slipped back to the stern, passed lightly over the bulwark, and took to the water.

Peter Olland's successor did not seem to be an improvement in vigilance.

Swimming to the shore, the Texan found Brickley waiting in anxiety that was changed to eagerness when he found his leader safe. He thirsted for a report, but there was little to tell. Colgrave had gone for discoveries and found nothing that helped him to light.

Remembering Cartley, he took pains to get away quickly, and the outskirts of the city were soon reached. From there the homeward journey was continued, and their quarters ultimately reached.

The man from Texas did not find his bed comfortable that night. He had made the stroke for information strong in the belief that the interior of the Cormorant would furnish him with something of value in his campaign against Smith and Starwake, and the failure meant a good deal. Something was to happen at the White House the following night, and he was wholly unprepared to meet the emergency. Definite tidings were lacking, and he had not access to the presidential mansion.

When he finally fell asleep, it was with the belief that nothing was open to him but to go to the governmental authorities with his incomplete story and leave the rest to them, trusting that, even if they disbelieved him, they would make sure that nothing harmful befell the country, and see that the White House was not stolen.

Morning, however, brought a remarkable change in the situation. He had barely eaten his breakfast when word was brought that a lady was waiting to see him, and he entered the gloomy little parlor expecting to meet Mary Olland.

Great was his surprise when he saw, instead, Jason Starwake's adopted daughter.

She came to her feet with a bound, moved quickly forward and took his hand cordially, her eyes sparkling with animation and friendly good will—perhaps, too, with something more.

"I wanted to see you so much, Mr. Clarke!" she exclaimed. "Seeing you, and remembering what you did for me, I feel inclined to hail you as my knight errant, but circumstances are too serious, far too serious. I have much to say, and must talk at once. Mr. Clarke, I have secured that lost belt-bag!"

Colgrave's spirits took a downward drop. He did not know what was in the bag, but everything indicated that it was a thing crammed full of mischief. Again, if she had it, Mary Olland must, as he believed, have been detected, and that might mean a good deal both to her and himself.

"Oh, that bag!" he repeated. "Where did you get it?"

"It was given to me by a servant in Mr. Starwake's house. It is extraordinary, but it was she who pursued me that night so long and actively; she and a male companion whose name she refuses to give."

"So the cab driver was really right in thinking it was secured by somebody in the other carriage?"

"Yes."

"How did you manage to trap her?"

"I did nothing of the kind, for I did not suspect her. She gave it to me of her own free will."

Colgrave had another fall of spirits. If Mary Olland, who owed a debt of gratitude to him, had gone over to the enemy—but he was interrupted while he meditated gloomily.

"I have much to tell, Mr. Clarke!" Marcia exclaimed impetuously; "so

Consumption
Its Diagnosis, Treatment and Cure
Free

NEW TREATISE ON TUBERCULOSIS
By FREEMAN HALL, M. D.

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, it will instruct you how others, with its aid, cured themselves after all remedies tried had failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to The Yonkerman Co., 5075 Water St., Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will gladly send you the book by return mail Free and also a generous supply of the New Treatment absolutely Free, for they want you to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

QUICK HAIR GROWTH!
Brochure Free To You.

Would You Like Such a Result as This.

HERE IS THE TRUE METHOD

Let us prove to you that the Koskott Method of hair growing is the genuine, scientific one. We will send you a valuable brochure FREE. Our Method is directed at removing the cause dermodex folliculorum—living micro-organisms—("germs") and opening the closed follicles so that the hair roots which are not dead, but dormant, (like a tulip bulb or grass seed in a bottle) are given fertility and a chance to grow. FREE Ours is the treatment that MAKES GOOD or you can use it WITHOUT COSTING YOU A CENT. Koskott is for men's, women's & children's heads, to clear scalp of dandruff, stop falling hair and to promote growth of new hair. We especially want you to answer this if you have wasted time & money in liquids, washes, soaps, etc., which accomplish nothing. We want to surprise & delight you. Write (a post-card will do) mentioning you want our FREE BROCHURE. Koskott Laboratory, 1269 Broadway, 356 M New York, N.Y.

MORPHINE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT
OPIUM AND ALL DRUG HABITS. Hundreds of testimonials prove that our painless home remedy restores the nervous and physical system and removes the cause. A full trial treatment alone often cures. Write us in confidence. ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, Suite 1201—21 E. Van Buren St., Chicago

WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING SYSTEM
Invaluable for lovers and for keeping recipes, addresses, secret memorandum or other information safe and private. No stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph. Great fun for lovers or friends. Don't miss it. Send 10c and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., PARNASSUS, PA.

MOTHERS BED WETTING and lack of control of urine in young or old cured with HARMLESS MEDICINE.
C. H. ROWAN DRUG CO. Dept. 45, Chicago, Ill. 50c PKGE. FREE

BOYCE'S EXCHANGE
To Buy, Sell or Exchange any kind of Real Estate or Personal Property advertise in Boyce's Exchange. Costs $1.85 per line for insertion in both the Blade and Ledger. Adv. Dept., 500 Dearborn Avenue, Chicago

OBESITY TREATMENT
REDUCE YOUR WEIGHT. INTERESTING BOOK and Proof Treatment mailed absolutely free to any over-stout person. Quick, safe, reliable, lasting reduction, wonderful improvement in health and appearance. Dr. H. C. Bradford, 20 E. 22nd St., 9 O, New York, N. Y.

OLD COINS
$7.75 PAID for rare date 1853 quarters; $20 for a $½. Keep all money dated before 1880, and send 10c at once for new illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. It may mean our fortune. C. F. Clarke Co., Dept. 10, Le Roy, N. Y.

FARM LANDS
BIG LAND OPENING. THE BIG INDIAN PRAIRIE ranch in De Soto County, Florida, muck district between Arcadia and Lake Okeechobee, heart of citrus belt has been subdivided into small farms, 10 acres up, and selling rapidly on small monthly payments. Money back if not satisfied. Ready for cultivation now. Best in the state. Write us for our free set of postal views, illustrated booklet and full particulars. Florida Fruit Farms Company, 227 Midland Building, Kansas City, Mo. Can use few more local agents.

HELP WANTED
WANTED—Government wants Railway Mail Clerks. Average salary $1,100. Alternate weeks off with full pay. Examinations coming everywhere. Write for free sample questions and schedule of locations. Franklin Institute, Dept. P-81, Rochester, N. Y.

much! First, I am going to ask a strange question. I have seen your energy and faithfulness, and very likely I would have seen your success, that night, had I not tried to manage matters; so I am now inclined to believe you can do wonders. I want you—dare I say it?—I want you to find a man for me!"

"A man?" echoed Colgrave, bewildered.

"Yes. Of course," and she flushed slightly, "I have no absurd, romantic meaning. It is a lost man, and, I fear, a murderously-used man. Anyhow, he has disappeared strangely."

"Who is he?" the Texan asked.

"His name is John Colgrave."

The listener's spirits took a turn upward. Whatever Miss Starwake had to say there was now firmer ground for his feet, and he planted them doggedly. Nothing else was so exhilarating to him as the prospect of a fight. He nodded and told the lady to proceed.

"He arrived in Washington Monday evening," she went on, "and then dropped out of the sight of men. Now, do you think you could find him?"

"Possibly I could," Colgrave said calmly. "What is he like?"

"Unfortunately, I have no description of him. You see, he has long been on a ranch or in the mines in the far Southwest."

"I can picture him," declared the Texan smiling in assumed amusement "A rough, ignorant, clumsy fellow in clothes only a bit less fantastic than his brains; a loud-voiced, bellowing bully——"

The pink in Marcia's cheeks had faded somewhat, only to be replaced by a deeper red as the flush of anger mounted at the words she heard.

"Stop, stop!" she commanded "John Colgrave is my cousin"

"Oh!' and the offender took on a mantle of humility. "I sincerely beg your pardon, but I spoke in general terms. From this minute I shall myself think well of Mr. Colgrave. Believe me, I meant nothing detrimental to him."

"I am well aware that you didn't, but I was not in a mood to weigh light words with good judgment. As I said, John Colgrave is my cousin, or so I call him, though I am only an adopted daughter of Mr. Starwake. I wish I had never been that. I detest Jason Starwake!"

Her manner had grown passionate, and she sounded the final words with biting vehemence that surprised her companion. He, however, was now fully himself, and he answered readily.

"My recollection is that you spoke of Mr. Starwake in a different way, previously."

"I have learned much that I did not know then. I have thought well of him, for, though always a cold and unapproachable man, he took me into his house an orphan, and has lavished money upon me for many years. Gratitude is often as strong as daughterly love. Now, however, I know more of him and I apprehend more. Oh! Mr. Clarke, I am in need of a strong, bold helper, and so I have come to you. I warn you that my service means danger. Dare you enlist in my behalf?"

CHAPTER XVII.

SECRETS.

Colgrave was aware that he did not know what was before him. The situation had become complicated, mysterious, and puzzling, and anything was possible, but the drift seemed to be promising, and he did not hesitate when asked if he would enlist in Marcia's service. His reply was affirmative.

"There is much to tell," she went on quickly. "First, let me say more as to John Colgrave. By the death of his grandfather, Simon Starwake, he was left legal heir to something like a hundred thousand dollars, but I have reason to believe that his uncle, Jason Starwake, reported that he was not to be found. Another uncle, Luke, brother of Jason, has long lived in England, and does not figure in this affair. Some dishonest lawyer must, I suppose, have been bought up by Jason—but that does not matter."

"You say Colgrave was in the far Southwest?" questioned the Texan, as she paused briefly.

"Yes, but I now know that he came here, and called at the Starwake house, and then—vanished strangely, completely, perhaps as a victim to murder."

"How did you learn that?"

"Let me go back. I happened to overhear a little of the trouble when John came, and I spoke to Jason when I had a chance. He told me that a man had tried to blackmail him, he being a promoter of certain Western mine enterprises, but that he had resisted the demand for a large sum of money. Naturally, my sympathy went forth to my adopted father. Immediately after I went to my room, and while standing by the open window, I chanced to overhear part of the report of a man who came to see my so-called father. From this I learned that the alleged blackmailer had been a prisoner in a boat on the river, but that it had been run down by a large craft and that the blackmailer had probably drowned.

"Now, Mr. Clarke, you can understand why I was by the Potomac when I first met you. Jason Starwake had talked of the demand for money, of the falsehoods of the stranger, but more, far more than anything else, of the unjust stain that would be upon his name, and would also affect me, indirectly, if his claim became public.

"Of all things, sir, I detest knavery, and of all things I esteem honor and a good reputation. I became excited—foolishly so, as you may well think—over the matter, and that was why I talked so nonsensically when we met. I was there to see if the body of the blackmailer could be found. If so, it would show that he could not spread his lies. But Mr. Clarke, the latest development is amazing."

"And," questioned the Texan, "it is—what?"

"That there was no blackmailer, but that the prisoner in the boat was John Colgrave, justly and naturally come for his legal inheritance, but a victim to Jason Starwake's cupidity, treachery and malice.'

"How did you learn this?"

"From the belt-bag so much mentioned already."

"The object that led us to chase the other cab that night, eh? May I request you to be a little clearer——"

"Directly, Mr. Clarke. First, I ask again if you will try to find John Colgrave, living or"—she paused, hesitated and shivered, and then added in a whisper—"living or dead!"

"If he can be found—what then?"

"Then," Marcia exclaimed. "I would save him from his enemies, make him acquainted with influential men who would help him to secure his legal rights, and otherwise stand his friend"

The Texan had always thought her strikingly pretty, but as she now spoke and her fine eyes glowed with feeling, she grew even more charming, while he began to have a clear view of her mind Still, he had a strong measure of prudence, and he sought for further light on her position.

"I understand," he replied, "that you have not seen Colgrave in many years. Are you sure he is worthy of your esteem and friendship?"

"Absolutely sure! she declared firmly.

"But if you do not know him——"

"Mr. Clarke, I knew him when he was a boy. He was a manly, earnest, truthful, and kind lad, and he could not make a bad man. He had all of his mother's noble ways, and they must have endured. I loved the lad who was John Colgrave, and I must necessarily—well," and she flushed as she paused, "I must surely think highly of John Colgrave, the man."

"But, suppose he was, of necessity, an enemy of Jason Starwake?"

"If so, whose fault is it? Who tried to misuse, perhaps to murder him? I have grown to detest Jason, and I would be very glad to fight loyally for John Colgrave, and fight by his side."

"Miss Marcia," the Texan gravely said, "you have done so already!"

"I have fought by his side?" she repeated wonderingly.

"Yes, for you have met him more than once, though circumstances have compelled him to hide his identity. The time has come for you to be enlightened. The Mr. Clarke of this case is a myth. I am John Colgrave, and the boy you knew years ago. I am the man who came for my rightful inheritance, but was kidnaped and nearly drowned in the Potomac. I can fully satisfy you of this."

Marcia had sprung to her feet, and as he also rose they stood facing each other. She was bewildered, helplessly amazed and startled, and yet he could detect no trace of doubt. Plainly, she did not accept his statement as established, but confusion overcame everything else.

"How can that be?" she faltered.

"I came to Washington without thought of hiding my identity, but when I had gone to the river as a prisoner, and then nearly drowned there, it seemed time to protect myself by taking an alias."

The girl had a logical mind, and considerable time would have been needed to dispel all doubt had the evidence of her eyes been lacking. She looked, and the cloud of bewilderment gave place to a flash of something else.

"From the beginning," she cried, "I have noticed a familiarity in your face; a something that recalled the past, but a past without any clew. I knew you looked like some one I had seen, but I never dreamed of turning so far back as childhood. I see it now—you have the look of John Colgrave, the boy."

Make $30 to $60 Weekly

selling our new, unequaled portable gasoline table and hanging lamp for lighting city and rural homes, stores, halls, churches. Most powerful light known. Absolutely safe.

We Loan You Sample.

More brilliant and many times cheaper than gas or electricity. Guaranteed five years. Everyone a possible customer. No experience necessary. Large commissions. Exclusive territory free. Write today.

Sunshine Safety Lamp Co.
105 Factory Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

PIMPLES DISAPPEAR in 3 to 5 days never to return. Send name address *Aura Rules*, Box 112, Dept. B, Chicago, Ill.

MOVING
PICTURE
MACHINE
FREE
MARVELOUS EFFECTS

EVERY BOY MADE HAPPY FREE

THIS MARVELOUS MOVING-PICTURE MACHINE

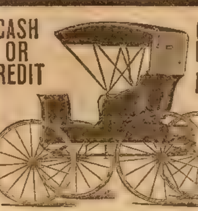
which I want to send you FREE, gives clear and lifelike moving pictures as are shown at any of the regular moving-picture shows. It flashes moving pictures on the sheet before you.

This machine and two films are FREE—absolutely free to every boy in this land who wants to write for an outfit—free to girls and free to older people. Read how to get this marvelous machine.

MY OFFER TO YOU Here is what you are to do in order to get this amazing moving-picture machine and the two films: Send me your name and address—that is all. Write your name and address very plainly. Mail this to me to-day. As soon as I receive it I will mail you 12 of the most beautiful premium pictures you ever saw—all brilliant and shimmering colors. There are fourteen different colors in the pictures all wrought together in the most splendid manner. I want you to distribute these premium pictures on a special 25-cent offer among the people you know. They cannot get these pictures at the art stores at any price. When you have distributed the 12 premium pictures on my liberal offer you will have collected $3.00. Send the $3.00 to me, and I will immediately send you FREE the moving-picture machine outfit and the rolls of films all complete, FREE.

Sit right down now and mail me your name and address and I will immediately send you, all charges prepaid, the Beautiful Premium Pictures and complete outfit, so you can get this Moving-picture Machine Free.

E. H. KEMP, 649 W. 43d St., Dept. 442 New York.



CASH OR CREDIT

Catalogue FREE.

ONLY $10.00

Cash, balance $5 per month, buys this 3-year-guaranteed buggy. Buggies $29.50 up; Surries $45.00 up; Farm Wagons $40.00 up. We trust honest people located in all parts of the world.

Write For FREE CATALOGUE.

Century Manufacturing Co.,
Dep't 835 East St. Louis, Ill.

ITCH-ECZEMA FREE TRIAL

(Also called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk-Crust, Weeping Skin, etc.)

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY, and when I say cured, I mean just what I say—C-U-R-E-D, and not merely patched up for awhile, to return worse than before. Now, I do not care what all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show you that I know what I am talking about. If you will write me TO-DAY, I will send you a **FREE TRIAL** of my mild, soothing, guaranteed cure that will convince you more in a day than I or anyone else could in a month's time. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me to-day you will enjoy more real comfort than you had ever thought this world holds for you. Just try it, and you will see I am telling you the truth.

Dr. J. E. Cannaday, 64 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo. | Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?

CAMP SPRING
101 PROOF
WHISKEY

FREE This Large Decanter of Rare Whiskey

An important offer—an offer that will be grasped upon sight—this *large handsome scrolled glass Decanter*, filled with celebrated *Camp Spring 101 Proof Whiskey*, absolutely *free*. This same Decanter *alone* would cost you a fancy price at any retail store—the whiskey that goes with it is the costly kind demanded by people of taste. But just think of getting it now without paying a cent! This Decanter is the correct thing for the sideboard now, and ought to be in your possession.

Thousands of requests are coming in. So don't delay a moment—write us today for our offer of this elegant Decanter of Whiskey—*free*. Don't send any money, just your name and address.

Consumers Distributing Co., 1403 Lucas Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

KNIT WOOL SHAWLS FREE!

WHITE OR RED

We have made a contract with one of the big mills for a lot of woolen shawls.

We are going to give these shawls away to our readers.

The shawls are made of woolen yarn. They come in two colors, white or red. These shawls can be used in many ways; as a shoulder shawl, like that shown in the cut, or they can be used to throw over the head.

Probably nothing is so useful in a home as a shawl like this. Just the thing for changeable weather. It is very handy to throw on the head when you run into your neighbor's house. Fine to wrap up the baby in. Throw it over your shoulders when sitting in a draft.

These shawls are large and well-made, and we want every reader of this paper to have one of them, so we will send you one FREE OF ALL CHARGE, if you will fill out the coupon below and enclose $1.00 for a year's subscription to this paper.

We send the shawl all charges prepaid. Be sure to state whether you want white or red in the proper space below.

This is a splendid offer, and we are glad to be able to distribute these shawls among our readers.

We treat old and new subscribers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber please say so when you write, and we will have your new subscription commence when the old one expires.

To THE CHICAGO LEDGER: Enclosed please find $1.00 for which enter my subscription for one year and send me one

(Color)........Shawl, all charges prepaid.

Send the paper until further notice to

Name..

Street, P.O Box or R F D. ....

Town.................................State.............................

This is a ....subscription.
(new or renewal)

CANADA SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, $1.50 PER YEAR.

I WAS A Heavy Drinker

Consumed Quart of Whisky Every 24 Hours.

VICTORY IN 3 DAYS

If you know anyone who drinks alcohol in any form, regularly or periodically, let me send my FREE book, "Confessions of an Alcohol Slave."

I drank beer at first, then gradually developed into a drinker of strong liquors. When drinking heavily I wouldn't hesitate to pawn my coat or break a saloon window to get spirits. For long periods I would drink over a quart of whisky, rum or gin daily. And often some mixed drinks and beer additionally!

I damaged business, health and social opportunities, made family miserable, lost real friends and became an unworthy, unwelcome burden upon all except the saloonkeepers, who cheerfully took my money for the poison they gave me.

For 16 years I kept it up, and I was regarded as a hopeless case. Various "cures" did me no good. But now I have **a joyous message** for drinkers and

Mothers, Wives, Sisters

While drifting from bad to worse, as all slaves of King Alcohol do, I unexpectedly **found a true remedy.** It saved my life. **My health was quickly restored.** I became and am a respectable man, enjoying every benefit of freedom from the accursed alcohol. I speedily and naturally lost all desire for drink. I took less and less. I began to prefer tea, coffee, buttermilk and other non-alcoholic liquids; the **craving for liquor ceased.** I could sleep perfectly, my stomach became well and I recovered from other ailments which I now know were due to my indulgence in strong drink.

WONDERFUL

It was done in 3 days; if I had relied upon will power or faith I would still be a drunkard, because an alcohol slave has **no will power while drinking.** I rejoiced so greatly at having found true relief that I decided to devote my life to removing the curse from others. My success has been marvelous, for I have a reliable, guaranteed set of Remedies adapted for sending to any home, anywhere. My Remedies have saved legions of drinkers; the list includes very many persons notable in all walks of life, including those of brains and those of physical energy. I will send you **testimonials by the hundreds,** every one of which you can verify. Many were saved from the drink habit because they *desired* to get rid of it forever and others who did not have any will-power left, were rescued *without their knowledge* by loving wives, mothers, or friends. The after effect of taking my Remedies give energy throughout the entire body; the mind, memory and will-power are *wonderfully strengthened.*

I tell about the secret in my book, which I send **FREE** to every person (or relative or friend) who takes alcohol in any form to excess. My one purpose in life is to **save the drunkard.** I rejoice in every victory; each victim has my sympathy. What I promise is absolutely guaranteed. My Remedies are for either **steady or periodical drinkers.** Think of it—**a complete and delightful overcoming of drink habit between Friday night and Monday night**—or any other 72 hours!

FOR MEN OR WOMEN, ANY AGE.

To relatives, friends, or employers I say—if you want to save a drinker in the quickest time and completely, with or without his knowledge and with absolute safety, read my book—*changes despair to joy.*

ABSOLUTELY FREE

I will send you my book, in plain wrapper promptly, postpaid. It tells of my own career and the wonderful discovery, and gives valuable information. No other book like it. I especially appeal to those who have wasted money on treatments or remedies which had no lasting effect. Remember, **it costs nothing** and you will always be glad that you wrote. Correspondence strictly confidential. Keep this adv. if you cannot write to-day. **Address:**

EDWARD J. WOODS,
534 Sixth Ave., G 356, New York, N.Y.

YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use **Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets** which have made so many marvelous cures. Not a secret or "patent" medicine. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the **Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves.** Don't drop dead like hundreds of others when **Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets** will cure you.

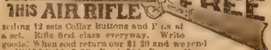
FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P.O. Address, to Dr. F.G. Kinsman, Box 951, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Don't risk death by delay.

Ladies, $500 Reward

Ergo Myrrh Compound Capsules

Best for monthly irregularities. **Absolutely safe and reliable.** Mailed in plain wrapper, $2. **DR. TRUDEL, D. 35 S. Dearborn St., Chicago Ill.**



for selling 12 sets Collar Buttons and Pins at 10c a set. Rifle first class everyway. Write for goods. When sold return our $1 20 and we send Rifle. FRIEND SOAP CO., Dept. 384, Boston, Mass.

"This," interrupted the Texan swiftly, "is a time when you should take nothing for granted. Let me try to convince you that I am what I claim. I can bring many men from my own part of the country to make my claim sure, but we cannot wait for them. I will recall events of our childhood that must be remembered by you."

He carried out his plan, and for several minutes they exchanged reminiscences that were invariably started by Colgrave. The end of it was that they presently stood with clasped hands, looking into each other's eyes with friendly intentness.

"I am glad to have my childhood friend back," Marcia had earnestly said, and Colgrave echoed her words with tongue and mind. In the last few days he had held changing views concerning her, but doubt was now swept away.

Enlightened as she had been, it was not Jason, but himself, who had her sympathy and her loyalty, and their alliance was soon firmly cemented.

"I dare not linger too long," she finally exclaimed, starting. "I have, however, more to say, and it will be done with confidence now I know you. Thank heaven there need be no hunt for John Colgrave—oh! how you played with me when I talked of him. Still, it was the only way for a sensible man, placed as you were. Now, about that belt-bag and the night race in the cab."

"Yes?"

"There is a man in Washington named Cartley. Probably you never heard of him. He helps the President in some manner, and is usually termed an assistant private secretary, though I think that is hardly his position. It doesn't matter. Well, Mr. Cartley has seen fit to ask me to be his wife."

"And you said what?"

"Mr. Jason Starwake had the first say, and it was 'No!' I followed his lead, for I dislike Mr. Cartley. He is a suave and persistent person, both in one, and 'No' has not led him to despair. Really, he has not annoyed me greatly, but he has clung to Jason like a burr and harassed him for weeks. Now I come to the belt-bag. It seems that Cartley bribed one of the men who survived the adventure with you in the boat, and learned enough to think he had a hold upon Jason. Acting upon that belief, he came to frighten him with half-veiled threats."

"Did you also hear the threats?"

"Will you think me a terrible example of feminine lack of conscience if I say 'yes'? Anyhow, I must say it, and I can only plead that I had become so bound up in the mysteries hovering around Starwake house, and menacing reputation and peace of mind, that I thought myself justified in knowing whatever I could learn. Even an animal will defend its cherished ones. Why should I turn deafly away from the call of peace and self-preservation?"

"Don't linger with excuses, Marcia. I am convinced in advance."

"Well," the girl resumed, smiling faintly, "I did listen, and I heard Cartley speak of damaging letters and other papers he held. Not once resorting to open menaces, he clearly gave Jason the idea that surrender would be safest for him, but the stubborn listener yielded as little as before. They separated with Jason secretly defiant, and Cartley politely willing to wait for a later submission."

"And then?"

Marcia laughed lightly, unnaturally, ending with a nervous catching in her breathing.

"Possibly you don't know it, but I am naturally of an adventuresome disposition. If I were a man I should be trying rash exploits that would either fill the world with admiration or give the grave-digger an afternoon's task. Being only a woman my sphere has been circumscribed, but the thrill remains in my blood. That's a crude preface. Now, when I heard Cartley tell of his papers, I grew exasperated, and the spirit of venture took hold upon me. I resolved to get those papers."

"I think I see."

"Consider," she continued with manifest embarrassment, "what my position was. Cartley was asking me to marry him and reinforcing his demand with threats. I then thought well of Jason Starwake, and seeing, as I believed, his reputation and general welfare menaced, as well as my own peace of mind, and also fearful that I might be brought before the public unpleasantly, I planned as I have said."

"The instinct of self-preservation," and the Texan nodded sharply and approvingly.

"Being very familiar with the White House, and with its business affairs up to a certain point, I knew that Cartley was always busy there early in the evening. Knowing where his boardinghouse was, I went to that place with a parcel in my hands, stated that it was for him, and so gained entrance to his room. It was then without an occupant, and as luck favored me, I was soon in possession of a quantity of papers. I dared not stay to examine them, so I thrust all into my belt-bag. Once outside, I engaged a cab, drove away, was followed, called upon you as a defender, and—you know the rest."

"You did a remarkable act," said Colgrave admiringly.

"Merely a rash act, with luck subsequently on my side. I now refer only to my getting of the papers, for I was as badly off, as far as possession was concerned, until the housemaid came to me with the bag."

"What maid! What about her?"

"Her name is Mary Olland, and she has barely entered our service. I owe her a debt of gratitude for giving me the bag, but further than that she is so much of a mystery that I really am afraid of her."

"A mystery?"

"Yes. As I said before she has but just come to our house, and her activity since then has been as wonderful as it was secret. I cannot doubt that she came merely to act as a spy. Anyhow, she has spied, and has persistently acted the listener. She must have learned about Cartley's letters by listening, and you know how she dogged me and obtained the belt-bag. I should set her down as a dangerous woman, only for her good appearance and what is still more important, because she brought the bag to me of her own free will."

"How does she explain herself?" Colgrave asked with genuine interest.

"She does not explain at all; she refuses to do so. Politely, somewhat amiably, and yet very earnestly, she refuses to give any light."

"I wonder," added the Texan tentatively, "if I have seen her?"

"Probably not. She has been with us only briefly, and as you are a newcomer in Washington it is not likely you ever met."

Colgrave made no reply. It was clear that Mary had been as loyal toward him, believing his secret sacred, as she had been silent concerning her own motives. Until she saw fit to speak he would be equally quiet as to his acquaintance with her

Marcia had fallen into thought, but she was soon aroused.

"You have said," the Texan proceeded, "that you are familiar with the White House, and that you know something of how business is done there?"

"Oh! yes, yes. Under this administration I have often been there. I know the President well. I know others there even better, and few of my sex can go and come as freely as I do."

Colgrave's jaws momentarily set grimly. He remembered the plot to steal the White House, and Cartley's statement that the crisis was to come the following evening, and he dropped everything else for the national mystery.

"Marcia," he exclaimed, "I want you to get me into the White House!"

The conclusion of this interesting story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year and we have stories awaiting publication that you cannot afford to miss.

* * *

The House of Fear.

(Continued from page nine.)

enter her room and close the door softly behind her.

It was a new turn in human duplicity.

Not until the middle of the afternoon did I venture near Brooks' lodge. The moment I opened the door I discovered a folded note on his little table, and picking it up I saw that it was intended for me. With eager hands I opened it and read the one brief line he had written.

"I am going away, Miss Reynolds. Look out for the wolf's snarl and the wolf's tooth."

That was all. The note fluttered from my hands and curled at my feet. Was I to be deprived of the last ally I had in the House of Fear?

This extraordinary story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. A lot of strange and exciting things happen. Read it. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you if you send in a year's subscription. It only costs $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

Neighborly Service.

Harkins had lived in his new home but a few weeks, and scarcely knew his neighbors by sight at the time of his fire. On rushing out of the front door he found two of his neighbors already on the scene.

"I say," Harkins cried excitedly, "will you run to the corner and give the alarm?"

"Very sorry," explained the man, "but I have a wooden leg and can't run."

"I say," said Harkins, turning to his new ally, "while I am getting the things out, run over to the corner of the street and shout 'Fire!'"

"I'm suffering from laryngitis and can't shout," said the other neighbor in a stage whisper.

There was not a moment to spare, but Harkins found time to turn to them and say politely:

"Suppose both of you go into the house and bring out two easy-chairs and sit down and enjoy the blaze."

* * *

When a girl wants to be kissed she makes more fuss about it that she would if she didn't.

CHANGE IN WOMAN'S LIFE

Made Safe by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms, and I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health and strength. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me during this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my trouble public so you may publish this letter."—Mrs. Chas. Barclay, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

No other medicine for woman's ills has received such wide-spread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine we know of has such a record of cures as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For more than 30 years it has been curing woman's ills such as inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains and nervous prostration, and it is unequalled for carrying women safely through the period of change of life.

Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

Vacant Government Land

HOW TO GET A FARM FREE

A Billion Acres Open to Homestead Entry and Purchase ::

FULL INFORMATION to LAND SEEKERS

About the United States Vacant Lands and How to Secure Them

Also, the number of acres and the kind of land described that is open to settlement in each county of every public land state and territory. **The Location of Each Land Office to which Applications are made,** with blank form of application. It tells about Irrigation and Irrigated lands, Oil and Saline Lands, how to acquire Townsites and Millsites, **with Diagrams and Tables Revised to Date.** 112 pages.

PRICE, PAPER COVERS, 25c., POSTPAID.

W. C. WATKINS, Box 1505, Pittsburgh, Pa.

These 4 Rings FREE

also a beautiful CYGNET EXTENSION BRACELET and a lovely PENDANT and a full length CHAIN. Pendant set with sparkling simulated diamond. **ALL SEVEN Free** given to anyone for selling only 15 of our fast selling Jewelry Novelties at 10c each and send us the $1.50. Address

E. P. DALE MFG. CO., Providence, R. I.

STEM WIND & SET WATCH RING & CHAIN FREE

We positively give FREE a STEM WIND and STEM SET, BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED Watch, equal in appearance to a Solid Gold Watch, guaranteed 5 years, and a beautiful Ring, for selling at 10 cents each 20 GOLD MOTTO PICTURES regular price 25 cents. Order 20 to-day, when sold send us $2 and we will positively send you WATCH, RING AND CHAIN. Address GRANT NOVELTY CO., DEPT. 1001 CHICAGO

TOBACCO HABIT You can conquer it easily in 5 days. Improve your health, **prolong your life.** No more stomach trouble, no foul breath, no heart weakness. **Regain manly vigor, calm nerves,** clear eyes and superior mental strength. Whether you chew; or smoke pipe, **cigarettes,** cigars, get my interesting Tobacco Book. Worth its weight in gold. **Mailed free.**

E. J. WOODS, 534 Sixth Ave. 267 A, New York, N. Y

VETERINARY COURSE AT HOME.

$1200 year and upwards can be made taking our Veterinary Course at home during spare time; taught in simplest English; Diploma granted, positions obtained for successful students; cost within reach of all; satisfaction guaranteed; particulars free. **Ontario Veterinary Correspondence School, London, Can.**

Christmas Cards on Credit

We give Watches, Bracelets, Dishes, Violins, Rifles, etc., or big Cash Commission Free for selling our Beautiful Gold Embossed Xmas Cards at 10c per pkg. Send for 20 pkgs. and premium list today. When sold send $2 00 and get your choice of premiums or cash. GATES MFG. CO., Dept. 301, CHICAGO.

Asthma REMEDY sent to you on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send $1 00; if not, don't. Give express office. National Chemical Company, 838 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio

HYPNOTISM Complete; 4 easy lessons. Circular 2c stamp. F. Marshall Woolery, LL.B., Bedford, Ind.

The Mysterious Detective;

Or, How Keeneyes Hid Himself

By J. Breckenridge Ellis

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 40, Oct. 7. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication

CHAPTER XXVIII

SECLUSION AT LAST

THE detective with rapid step, hurried to the place appointed for the meeting with Mrs. Williams. It was not long before that lady drove up, and stopped to receive him in her buggy.

She looked worried, and older than when he had last seen her, but her expression was as cold and disdainful as when they first met. Evidently this meeting was one of constraint, not of choice, and she looked upon the detective as a necessary evil.

After the briefest greeting, she showed that she wished the tete-a-tete ended as soon as possible.

"Now, Mr. Zellers," she said, abruptly, "kindly tell me the reason of—of all you had to say—and—and—I have an engagement in a very short time, which will compel me to——"

"Possibly I intrude?" murmured Keeneyes.

"No—I consented to this interview; but it must be brief."

"Shall it be at another time?"

"No, no, let us finish what we have to say to each other."

"All [illegible] I've [illegible], now you [illegible]," said [illegible] id not relish [illegible].

"You [illegible] But no; last night you [illegible] at ten, in order to discuss [illegible] diamonds with [illegible] is ten, and I have come according [illegible] appointment. How can you [illegible], then, since you haven't discussed the diamonds?"

"I can finish any time," he answered, still somewhat sulkily.

"Then you want me to question you?"

"Possibly."

"I will, Mr. Zellers. You offered to discuss the diamonds. What diamonds did you mean?"

"The diamonds that Weevely, the real-estate agent, stole," answered the detective, coldly.

The lady uttered a loud cry, although there was every prospect of attracting attention, since the street was by no means deserted.

"Pray be careful," Keeneyes exclaimed, hastily.

She was about to fall; he steadied her, and took the lines from her hand; for she had been driving. "Be calm," said Keeneyes. "Just think that everything is all right, and that will make it all right. Just imagine there is no Weevely, and there'll be no Weevely. Just believe that there is no evil, and of course the diamonds couldn't have been stolen, since there's no such thing as thievery. Perhaps you do not exist yourself. Be sure of nothing but Keeneyes. Ah, there is a [illegible]ility in matter? There is a Keeneyes! Take his advice."

The detective had not been speaking these words because he wanted to fill up the time. He desired to make a definite impression upon the other's mind.

The lady had been ghastly white. Now she was crimson.

Anger, fear and amazement contended upon her countenance.

"He!" she whispered in violent agitation. "He!" She said no more.

The detective drove on, silently.

During the pause, the banker's wife sought desperately to readjust herself to circumstances. She muttered, "After all, it was he!" Presently she whispered to herself, "I see it all, now. I understand."

"Of course you do," said Keeneyes, who didn't.

The detective hoped for light from Mrs. Williams, and most artfully he sought to apply the match that would illumine his own mind.

"Mrs. Williams," he said, "I wonder that you would trust such a man as that Weevely."

She turned upon him as if to strike him in the face

"Oh!" murmured Keeneyes. "I have just left Weevely. He has confessed!"

She glared into his eyes. "Never!" she hissed.

"On the contrary, it was between eight and nine o'clock this morning."

"Confessed?"

"Bared his bosom to me, madam. Showed me his heart-beats."

"Confessed what?"

"Oh, he made me his confidant: told about taking the diamonds, and——"

"And what?" she asked, unconsciously gripping his wrist, as if to force the words from his lips.

"I wouldn't let him finish it all," Keeneyes admitted. "I was busy, and had to leave him; but he was anxious to go on. Ask old Uncle Nuzzer if he wasn't. Of course, I didn't let Uncle Nuzzer stay in the room to hear the secret, but Uncle Nuzzer was in the street, and he heard Weevely begging me to come back and hear it all. Really, Mrs. Williams, I don't see in Weevely anything fascinating. Perhaps that's because I am a man."

"Oh—then he told you—the wretch!—about——"

"Eh?"

"What did he tell you about me?" she burst forth furiously.

"Madam, we will be remarked, if you do not control yourself."

Mrs. Williams uttered a stifled groan.

"I have just left your husband," said Keeneyes, significantly. He had learned enough from the other's manner to understand everything.

"I am ruined!" she faltered. She looked wildly about, as if to leap from the vehicle, and flee.

"Not at all. Or, I should say, revelation need not ruin you. If you are all right to date, you have nothing to fear from me."

"You say that——"

"Mark you, Mrs. Williams, I did not inform your husband and your stepdaughter and Caldwell——"

"Oh, then you have been to that house?"

"I went there this morning; but you won't have to go there to see all three of your family. They are united at the bank, in loving reconciliation."

She whispered in frightened words, her former note of misery: "I am lost! I am ruined!"

"Not at all," he answered cheerfully. "You should be there with them. I'll drive you there presently."

"You'll not!" she cried snatching the lines from him.

"Oh, just as you please. I thought it would be best for all concerned. I've taken a fancy to Caldwell, and I'd rather it didn't come out that his wife's stepmother is a——"

"Sir!"

"I wasn't going to say another word my dear madam. I intended to end the sentence on 'a'—a good letter to begin with, why not to end with?"

She turned to him with [illegible] eyes.

"Mr. Zellers!" she exclaimed. Then she added desperately, "Save me!"

"I will do so," he answered serenely. "You now address me in a becoming manner, and I will help you for the sake of the family. As to the diamonds, you will have to confess that through carelessness you placed them somewhere unusual—and have just found them."

"How can I do that, after so bitterly accusing Sallie of stealing them."

"You might confess that you stole them yourself."

"Sir! You take advantage of me."

"Not at all; that is the alternative. Try to think. Isn't there some spot where you might have placed the diamonds, which has ever since that night escaped your memory? You go to it—behold!"

"Give me the diamonds and I will try to invent a spot."

"O, I haven't got the diamonds from Weevely yet."

She cried out in terror. "Then you'll never get them. Oh, that wretch! that wretch! After all—to steal, to steal! And my diamonds!"

"Don't be excited. I'll get 'em from him any moment I want 'em. I've got Weevely tamed. He'll give me the diamonds, just like a dog that you train to bring chips out of the water. He's as much in my power as you are."

"Oh!"

"Precisely. But I shall not betray him, because to do so would be to betray you who have betrayed your husband, which would throw a cloud upon young Caldwell's young married life."

She turned away her agitated face.

She whispered, "Then what is to be done?"

"I will get the diamonds from Weevely—shall we drive by for them, now?—and you will pretend to find them. That will make everybody happy. It will clear your stepdaughter, it will hide your infamy——"

"Careful, Mr. Zellers! You may go too far, even if I am in your power."

"Nonsense. You can't do a thing without me, not a thing. I'm necessary to you. That's the way I get my power over people. I make myself necessary to them; then it's me or nothing. I am not complimented because you cling to me; you have to. Shall I drive around for the diamonds?"

"But if he won't give them up?"

"He'll give them up!"

"Suppose he denies ever having had them?"

"Uncle Nuzzer heard him confess that he stole and hid them in his frowsy, weedy old back lot."

"Give me a little time to think."

"Willingly."

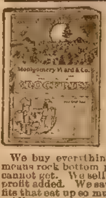
Keeneyes drove down a deserted country road, and after some time, spoke.

"It is wonderful how everything comes about!" he murmured.

She did not seem to hear him.

"I came to this town," Keeneyes went on, looking at her, "with no other object but to get a good rest, to avoid all acquaintance-making, and become a new man from the Ozark air. I even had a wild idea of renting a small orchard, and cultivating the trees. But I might have known that a man as celebrated as I couldn't escape recognition! Why, my dear madam, my pictures have been in every paper in the land. None of 'em as good-looking as I am, but all of 'em more or less public."

Her head was turned away, as in profound reverie.



CUT DOWN YOUR GROCERY BILL

THIS FREE BOOK shows you how to save from 20 per cent to 50 per cent on all your groceries.

Buy your groceries direct from us and save from twenty to fifty per cent of what you are now paying. We have solved the "high cost of living" problem for thousands of delighted customers.

We buy everything in enormous quantities. This means rock bottom prices -- prices that small buyers cannot get. We sell direct to you with only one small profit added. We save you all the "middlemen's" profits that eat up so much of your money.

All our groceries are full measure—absolutely pure.

Write to-day for our interesting, money saving grocery book. It is book No. 11. It is free. We want you to compare our prices with those you are now paying.

We issue the grocery book every two months and will send it to you regularly.

Below is a partial list of the other books we issue. They contain thousands of big, money saving opportunities. No matter where you live we can fill all your needs and save you an amazing amount of money. No matter what it is you want, we have it. We can save you many dollars on everything you buy. We are doing it every day for over 2,000,000 delighted customers.

Send to-day for the books that interest you.

Order the books by their numbers.

CHECK OVER THE LIST NOW

1 Paints
2 Pianos
3 Organs
4 Trunks
5 Roofing
6 Vehicles
7 Furniture
8 Incubators
9 Wall Paper
10 Typewriters
11 Grocery List
12 Feed Cookers
13 Tank Heaters
14 Wire Fencing
15 Carpets, Rugs
16 Building Plans
17 Baby Carriages
18 Men's Fur Coats
19 Sewing Machines
20 Gasoline Engines
21 Cream Separators
22 Building Material
23 Stoves and Ranges
24 Underwear Samples
25 Automobile Supplies
26 Bicycles -- Motorcycles
27 Baby's Dress and Toilet
28 Women's Tailored Suits
29 Circular and Drag Saws
30 Women's Fashion Books
31 Rain Coats, Rubber Coats, etc.
32 Tombstones and Monuments
33 Men's Clothing
34 Women's Furs
35 Dry Goods
36 Muslin Wear
37 Millinery

Sign and Mail Coupon NOW!

160 Montgomery Ward & Co.

19th and Campbell Sts.
KANSAS CITY

Chicago Avenue Bridge
CHICAGO

Please send to my address below books Nos........ absolutely free of cost.

Name ....

Post Office..

State..

SEND COUPON TO THE NEARER ADDRESS

TRAPPERS WE BUY FOR CASH

And pay highest prices for **Coon, Mink, Skunk, Possum, Muskrat,** and all other **Furs, Hides** and **Ginseng.** Best facilities in America. Send for Free Price List and Shipping Tags. No commission charged.

ROGERS FUR COMPANY
371 N. Main St. St. Louis, Mo.

Please your wife! Stop growing old so fast! Make your mustache a rich brown or black. Use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50 cents to R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

WORK FOR US $50 TO $75 EVERY WEEK

Experience not necessary. Honesty and willingness to work is all we ask. We will give you an appointment worth $5,000 A YEAR. You can be independent, always have money in abundance and pleasant position selling Great Labor-Saving Invention

LISTEN: One man's orders $2,600 one month—profit $[illegible]. Mere boy in Pa. made $9.00 in 2½ hours. A. E. Martin, Mich., says "Called at 20 homes, made 19 sales." G. W. Hanly, N. Y., says "Sold 131 in two days." No Talking Necessary—it sells itself. Show—sale's made. We Want Agents, General Agents, Managers in every county. 150 percent profit. No investment required. Sample free with first order. Valuable booklet Free. Write Today, U. S. MOP CO., 1428 Dorr St., TOLEDO, Ohio

Think of It! A Self-wringing Mop. Two turns of the crank wrings out every drop of water. Mopping is now a pleasure.

5 YEARS IN WHICH TO PAY FOR THIS PIANO

Sixty months we give you to pay for the Beautiful Art Style 40 Schmoller & Mueller Piano herewith illustrated. This Piano is yours to use right in your own home, yours to enjoy, yours with which to entertain your friends and company while you are paying us for it. Easier monthly payment terms, more liberal credit arrangements we give to music lovers than ever made known before.

A mere saving, the putting aside of Fifteen Cents a day will pay us for this Schmoller & Mueller Piano, which to-day is giving to many thousands of music lovers in this and foreign countries lasting satisfaction. Could the way, fellow music lover, be made easier than we have made it for you to become the proud and envied possessor of a durably built, sweet and mellow toned piano? Hardly. You'll never miss the money you pay to us for a Schmoller & Mueller Piano. You'll wonder how you ever kept house without a Schmoller & Mueller Piano. You'll begin to enjoy life to its fullest once a Schmoller & Mueller Piano is played in your parlor

This piano sold to you on Five Years' Time we guarantee for five times that length of time—for Twenty-five Years. Thus, after you have completed paying for your Schmoller & Mueller Piano you are protected under our Twenty-Five Year Guarantee for twenty years more.

Best of all, it's real protection which this guarantee affords. This Company offering you the Guaranteed Schmoller & Mueller Piano is an established institution of 52 years' growth, whose entire Capital Stock & Surplus in excess of a million dollars stands back of this guarantee of a quarter of a century to make it of full protection to you.

SCHMOLLER & MUELLER
ART STYLE FORTY

You'll not only have Five years to pay for your

Sweet and Mellow Toned

SCHMOLLER & MUELLER PIANO

You'll not only be fully protected under our guarantee, you'll save from $100.00 to $200.00 on your Schmoller & Mueller Piano which we are ready to ship you. This you save because our plan of selling leaves out of all reckoning the dealer or agent, who has nothing to do in such arrangements as you and our Company may make in placing in your home a Schmoller & Mueller Piano. Straight from factory to your home goes the Schmoller & Mueller Piano at a close factory to home price.

Right now we are desirous of spreading the gospel of direct selling among other music lovers in your neighborhood and community, that all may know the advantages that come to each music lover in buying a Schmoller & Mueller Piano. We desire the co-operation of some man or woman, who in becoming our valued customer, the pleased possessor of a Schmoller & Mueller Piano, who will be glad to spread abroad the news that the Guaranteed Schmoller & Mueller Piano may be bought at a great saving in price as compared with dealers' and agents' prices, and on the most convenient payment terms. To such a man or woman we'll give an extra advantage in the way of price, making it well worth the while of such a one to at once accept our most liberal offer. Will you inquire as to that Special Offer to the customer who will act as a REPRESENTATIVE FOR US? Do so today. Promptly we'll answer your request and will send all information about this, the sweetest of Sweet-toned Pianos—the Schmoller & Mueller. We'll tell you about our Guarantee, about our Easy Payment Plan, about the Special Price and Offer.

Send right now to us the attached coupon. Don't for a moment think of any other piano offer until you know all about the decided advantages that are yours in buying a Schmoller & Mueller Piano.

SCHMOLLER & MUELLER PIANO CO., Omaha, Neb.

Capital Stock and Surplus One Million Dollars.

Dept. J. B. W. 18. Established 1859.

☞ Cut or Tear Out and Mail Today ☜

Schmoller & Mueller Piano Co.,
Dept. J. B. W. 18, Omaha, Neb.

Send me your Complete Illustrated Catalog and all information about the Sweet Toned Schmoller & Mueller Piano, including your Representative offer.

Name..

Address...

YOU $5 TO $10 A DAY

EVEN if you never sold a dollar's worth of goods in your life, make $5 to $10 a day—selling our made-to-order suits and pants.

This Is Your Chance To Make Money. We sell suits from $3 to $10 less than other houses, give better tailoring, make better fitting clothes, with absolute guarantee. You can undersell others; no work to take orders for us. You can not fail—our line is the only line where you can give satisfaction or money refunded. It is a snap to sell Regal Tailoring.

BIG MONEY—EASY WORK.

We start you Free. Send for samples now. We will back you with our capital and experience—you do not need money—we will instruct you and you can commence making money at once. Send us your name and address now and an outfit larger than all others with newest samples, large fashion plate, tape measure and everything necessary will be sent you FREE.

You Can Get Your Own Clothes At Inside Price to advertise us. Write today and receive exclusive territory. If not interested show it to your friends as this is too good a thing to miss. The biggest chance to make money

We Prepay Express Charges

REGAL TAILORING CO., 829 Regal Building, CHICAGO, ILL.
We use the Union Label on all our garments.

LIQUORS MADE AT HOME
AGENTS GET BUSY!

Here's what they all want. Liquors made at home with "ZANOL" Concentrated Extracts **saves 50 per cent** dealers price, something new. Agents coining money! Beers sold 600 first week, made $60. Hausjanzen 200 in two days. Others make $6, $12, $20 daily. STRICTLY LEGITIMATE. NO LIQUOR LICENSE REQUIRED. Makes the genuine article—Used by liquor dealers for years—New to consumer—Sells in either wet or dry territory. Enormous demand, quick sales, large profits. Act quick. Territory going fast. A postal brings free booklet "SECRETS OF MAKING LIQUORS at HOME" and agents selling plans.

UNIVERSAL IMPORT CO.
Dept. 8502 Cincinnati, Ohio.

MENDING TISSUE. The Wonder of the Age. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents; three packages, 25 cents. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO. PARNASSUS, PA.

This FREE Recipe Cures Weak Men

If you are suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory, or lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, and you have become discouraged and disheartened by repeated failures, and wish to be restored to health, strength, and vigor, write me today and I will send you this Invigorating Prescription in a plain sealed envelope FREE OF CHARGE, so that you can cure yourself at home privately, and thus banish all your troubles. I have used this prescription in my practice for over twenty years, and I have proof that it reaches the seat of the trouble, and sets it bubbling with new life. Write today and receive it FREE. Address DR. FRANKLIN ROBERTS, No. 125 Butler Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

BLOOD POISON
CAN BE CURED

If you have ulcers, mucous patches in the mouth, sore throat, eruptions, copper colored spots on your body, falling hair, swolen glands, pains in the bones, or severe continued headaches, our special treatment will cure you. Our DR. PANTER, former chief physician of the original Cook Remedy Co., treated over 22,000 patients of that company in the fifteen years ending May 12th, 1908, the date that company discontinued taking cases to treat. DON'T BE MISLED with offers of Free Treatment, that stimulate the system for a short time. RELIABLE CURES ARE NOT FREE. Our treatment has stood the test for 25 years and have never been compelled to offer *free treatments* to procure patients. Booklet on Blood Poison testimonials and full information about your case, FREE. Write

PANTER REMEDY CO.,
Suite 309 67 Clark Street, Chicago Ill.

$3.50 Recipe Free, For Weak Men.

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have it Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3791 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

He went on. "The first time I lighted in Cobbville, two men knew who I was from likenesses, they'd seen. These men were Weevely and Caldwell."

She trembled at Weevely's name.

"They showed themselves dreadfully uneasy because I was in town. They proved that they had secrets on their souls, but I didn't want to know what they were. I wanted to get away from secrets and crimes. I was sick of murders and grafters, and unfaithful wives; I wanted to get close to nature's heart. But I find that you can't get close to nature's heart without soiling your clothes, as it were."

Her mouth hardened. She was listening. Her eyes glowed ominously.

"I went to the hotel. There I met your husband. And he was as frightened about me as the other two men. All three would have paid good money to get me away. What did that show? Secrets—guilty secrets! It comes from being too well known. I can never be a private citizen again!" he added wistfully.

Her attention was wandering again.

"Well, they wouldn't leave me alone. And then you, madam, acted just as they did. You were afraid of me—as well you might be! I played a trick on them. I messed and fooled around a bottle and some dirt and an old envelope, and they thought I was working an incantation, I presume! I wrote something on a piece of paper, and put it in a bottle—just for them to see, so they'd ask to find what I'd written, but if you will believe me (as I presume you will, by this time), not a man of 'em has ever dared to ask to see what I wrote, for fear it would reveal his crime! What do you suppose I wrote?"

Mrs. Williams started. "I don't care to know," she answered hastily.

"Shall I drive to Weevely's after the diamonds?"

"Not yet—I can't see him just yet."

'I then resume my tale. Very good. Excellent. Well they pestered me so, with their secrets, that at last in pure self-defense, I set myself to find out what they were, and how do you think I did it? I learned each one's secret simply from himself. From your husband I learned that he was afraid it would be proved that his daughter was a thief. From Caldwell I learned that he was keeping some one secretly in his house—the daughter, of course. From Weevely alone I learned that he had stolen the diamonds. From you alone I learned that Weevely had been your lover——"

"From me alone?"

"From you alone."

"Then he——?"

"He confessed stealing the diamonds; but said nothing about his love for you."

She snatched up the whip as if to strike him across the eyes. He looked at her steadily, and her hand wavered.

"Better put it down," he said, coldly. "I would have found it out, anyway, even if you hadn't unconsciously confessed. The fact that you were positively certain that your daughter stole the diamonds showed that they had disappeared the day she went to Little Rock. I could have asked what night they were missed, but found it unnecessary. The fact that you were sure your husband hadn't taken the diamonds, or didn't know about them, told me that your husband was out of town that night. I might have asked to find out, but it was useless. I know he was from home. You needn't tell me."

She was frightened by the seeming magic of his penetration.

"Very good. Very good. That night, your husband was from home. That is settled. That night, or at any rate, that day, your daughter departed for Little Rock; possibly your husband went part of the way with her. That is no matter. I have nothing to do with that. He was gone, at all events—and that gave Weevely his opportunity to come to see you. Weevely, then, was the only one who could have taken the diamonds. So of course he took them. The fact that he had an opportunity to take them doesn't look well for you, so let us say no more about it."

She was ashen pale again, and she shivered as with the ague.

"Now we will drive around to the office," said Keeneyes, cheerfully, "and ask Weevely to hand over the gems. Incidentally, I will order him to leave Arkansas at once, and warn him that if I ever hear of his being in this State again, I'll expose him—and you may be sure, if he comes sneaking back, I'll hear of it! Then I'll take you to your home to give you a chance to find your diamonds in some good spot. Then I'll go to the bank, tell the family that you have found them, that you long to beg your stepdaughter's pardon for your unjust suspicions, that you are eager to welcome your new son-in-law, and that you hope your husband will overlook your actions toward his child and toward himself. And then, since I can no longer remain here unknown, and since I am determined to find a little rest from friends and foes, I shall go to New York, and bury myself in the heart of the city."

All that Keeneyes foresaw came literally to pass.

Weevely disappeared, never to be heard of again, and Williams never knew of the wrong that had been done him. Mrs. Williams had been too terribly broken to become quite as hard and imperious as she had been in the past; but the young Caldwells did not invite her to live with them. Keeneyes left at noon for St. Louis, and from there, went to New York on a thirty-hour train.

As he left his coach, in the Pennsylvania Station, he carelessly cast back upon the seat, a small, gleaming object.

It was a little bottle.

In the bottle was a slip of paper, on which Keeneyes had written certain words, which he had hoped would be read by some of the men who had watched him digging in the alley, and dissolving dust in the hotel dining-room of Cobbville.

Unfortunately, not one of the four or five who had been excited over his coming to Cobbville had possessed the courage to read the message.

"Sometimes," muttered Keeneyes, as he strolled aimlessly along quiet Twenty-seventh street, and paused to gaze at the dingy side of Madison Square Garden, "sometimes my fame stands in my way!"

The End.

* * *

Slain on the Stage.

(Continued from page five.)

"I think likely you'll find he has more than one place to live," he returned significantly.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Can't you guess?"

"You mean he is living a double life?"

"Yes, and maybe a triple and a quadruple life," snapped the actor.

"As bad as that?"

"I'd be ashamed for my profession to tell you of all the disgraceful things I know of him," sighed Torrey sadly.

"And where are these quarters?"

"Ah, the most of them he keeps well hidden," said the veteran, shaking his head. "His recognized place of residence is at No. 99 West Sixtieth street. But I imagine he is rarely found there."

"And the other addresses?" quizzed the reporter.

"One of them would probably be the same as that of Miss Wesson," returned Torrey significantly.

"You mean they are as intimate as that?"

The actor nodded his white head bitterly.

"And what is that address?"

"Only a block away from the other—at No. 99 West Sixty-first street."

"Any more addresses that you know of?" prodded Phil.

"No, but I probably could learn them if you desire. Miss Carringford knows them, and I think she would tell me."

"How does Miss Carringford happen to know them?"

"Well, Hawkins thinks a great deal of her, or he used to, at least. He thought enough of her, in fact, to tell her about add his inamoratas."

"Strange that he should tell one woman of his affairs with others," suggested Phil.

"My boy, that's a failing of these stage Lotharios. They delight in boasting of their conquests."

"This Wesson woman appears to be ace high with Hawkins at present," said the reporter, "if I may judge from the scene we saw tonight."

"Yes, she has supplanted Carringford, it appears. That is what makes the two women so bitter toward each other."

"Ah! the plot thickens some more," smiled Philip.

"I hope it has not thickened so much that you cannot dissolve it," encouraged the actor.

"I am hopeful," declared the young man. He asked and obtained the address of Miss Carringford. Then he faced the aged Torrey again and said kindly:

"You told me a while ago when you trusted me with your confidence that you still loved Mrs. Gorsden."

The old man laid his trembling hand upon his breast as he whispered impressively:

"With all my soul, my boy."

"And you would still marry her if she could be won to take a reasonable view of—of things?" Phil suggested in embarrassment.

"Oh, God, speed the hour when I may call her 'wife' in law," sighed the actor, his face alternately aflame with hope and aghast with grief.

"I hope, too, you may see that hour—and soon," the reporter concurred. Meanwhile do not surrender that hope," and with an added purpose in his heart, he started back to the theater.

The old doorkeeper was just turning the key when Phil accosted him.

"When did Mr. Hawkins leave?" he inquired.

"He went out about fifteen minutes ago with that young woman you came in with," grinned the doorkeeper as over a witticism.

"Miss Wesson, she went with them, too," he added seriously.

Puzzled at the part the actress appeared to have taken in the disappearance of his sweetheart, Phil turned away with a tug of apprehension at his heart.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this remarkable story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money can buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

YOU CAN BUY A 5-ACRE FARM

In the Heart of Florida for Only $125; $5 Cash, $5 Monthly. No Interest, No Taxes, No Charges of Any Kind. It Can Earn $2,500 to $5,000 Per Year As Long As You Live.

I will glady send you incontrovertible proof of these statements. Our land is high-lying, no swamps or marshes; railroad runs directly through it, no farm being more than three miles from it. Not far from a modern town of 7,000 population, and close to another of 4,000; good hard roads, plenty of pure drinking water at a depth of 20 feet; artesian water and flowing wells at 75 to 200 feet; needs but little clearing; 50 inches of rainfall; finest climate in the world both winter and summer; no mosquitoes; healthiest location; plenty of schools and churches; desirable neighbors; fine hunting and fishing; perfect title warranty deed; abstract of title; time for payment extended if sick or out of employment. Florida State Agricultural Department give the following census reports of the actual results secured by growers in our county: lettuce, $954 per acre; celery, $1,925; cucumbers, $514; English peas, $437; beans, $681; and you can grow from three to four crops per year on the same land. Our county is the largest fruit-producing county in the State. Oranges yield $800 per acre; grape fruit, $800; strawberries, $800; peaches, $400; pears $300. I have prepared a handsome 36-page booklet containing dozens of photographs of fruit and vegetable farms in our vicinity and containing all the information you wish concerning this favored region. It also contains hundreds of letters from men from every part of the United States, who have purchased farms here from us and who are more enthusiastic in their praise of our land than we are. I will send it to you free of charge if you will write for it today. Don't delay, but send your name and address today. WILLIS R. MUNGER, President, Munger Land Co., 637 Francis St., St. Joseph, Mo.

Ceylona Diamonds

½ Carat $5

The nearest approach to Genuine Diamonds. Real lasting lustre and brilliancy, a file will not scratch them. Acid is like water on them. Set only in solid gold diamond mountings; they have no equal. Sent C.O.D. Money refunded if not satisfied.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE.
RECONSTRUCTED STONE & GEM CO.
10 Maiden Lane, New York, N. Y.

Camera Outfit Free and big profit for one hour of your time. Send us 10 and we will mail you our 25c Paris and Ivers Penholder and patented Reservoir, writes 500 words without redipping in ink, ask for plan B.
GEM SUPPLY COMPANY, 200 5th Ave., NEW YORK

LIGHT UP!

You can transform any kerosene (coal oil) lamp or lantern into dazzling brilliancy with a WHITE LIGHT BURNER. 60 candle power invisible and unbreakable STEEL MANTLE. Positively will not smoke or flicker. Brighter than electricity, better than gas or gasoline. Absolutely safe.

AGENTS Get a sample and particulars quick! Price postpaid 35 cents. 3 for one dollar. Money back if not satisfactory.

Bright Light Co., 128 Julia St. Grand Rapids, Mich.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS

Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights.

I Pay Spot Cash for These Claims.

Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES,
436 Jacobson Building, Denver, Colo.

Let Us Start You In Profitable Business

Sell Dress Goods, Fancy Linens, Jewelry, Women's and Children's Clothing. Different line from stores. Neighbors, friends, everyone buys. Written guarantee with each sale. We furnish everything. Our capital backed by your energy. Biggest profits. Exclusive territory. Build permanent income. Write for catalog and samples.

New Idea Dress Goods Co., Dept. 511 St. Louis, Mo.

5 FINE POST CARDS FREE

Send only 2c stamp and receive 5 colored Gold and Embossed Cards FREE, to introduce post card offer.

Capital Card Co., Dept. 62, Topeka, Kan.

BE A DETECTIVE

Earn from $150.00 to $300.00 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. LUDWIG, 805 Scarritt Building, KANSAS CITY, MO.

LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME

Ventriloquists Double Throat Fits roof of mouth; always invisible; greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Neigh like a horse; whine like a puppy; sing like a canary and imitate birds and beasts of field and forest. LOADS OF FUN. Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price only 10 cents; 4 for 25 cents or 12 for 60 cents.

DOUBLE THROAT CO. DEPT. D FRENCHTOWN, N. J.

HIMALYA FOR ASTHMA

Medical Science reports a positive cure for any form of Asthma or Hay Fever by the wonderful Himalya treatment. Trial Bottle Free. HIMALYA CO. 809 Howard St., Detroit, Mich.

SKUNK

We buy Skunk, Mink, Muskrat and all other raw furs at highest market prices, and give liberal assortments and "A SQUARE DEAL" to everyone. Price-list Free.

M. J. JEWETT & SONS, Redwood, N. Y., Dept. 27

A Secret for Women in our Catalog of TOILET and NECESSARY articles. Send 2c stamp. Fairbank Supply House, 4-B, 60 Wabash, Chicago

BULLY BOOKS Catalog for stamp. Duff Pub. Co., B-2713 Mozart Street, Chicago, Ill.

10 PERFUMED Postcards; your name in gold. F. Bloomington Co., Bloomington, Ill. 10c

TAPE-WORM EXPELLED WITH HEAD. FREE BOOKLET. BYRON FIELD & CO. 120 So. STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

MONEY Made quickly by smart men T. Artol Co., 115 Nassau St., N. Y.

The Merry Goose Mine;

Or, Dan Newton's Up-Hill Fight

By Will Lisenbee

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 39, Sept. 30. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER XXI.

DURING the week following Captain Hickman and Dan worked steadily in the shaft which they put down to a depth of fifteen feet. In sinking they had struck a few "shines" which greatly elated the captain.

"I believe we are going to strike it before we go many more feet!" he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "There have been a good many runs of float struck of late, and we may drop onto one."

"I hope so," answered Dan. "It would more than pay the expense of putting down the shaft to a deeper vein."

"I should say so. There was a mine over in the Short Creek district where they struck float at the very grass roots, so I am told, and nearly three thousand pounds of mineral was taken out the first day."

"That was fine!" exclaimed Dan.

"That was not the best of it," went on the captain. "The lucky miner took out over five thousand dollars' worth of mineral from the shallow run, and did it inside of three weeks. But of course, this was an exception. All shallow runs are not so good."

What is called "float" in the mines, it may as well be explained, is a shallow run of lead ore, found at depths from a few inches below the surface to twenty feet. These shallow deposits, which have been a godsend to many a poor miner, are not very large as a rule, but being so near the surface, they can be easily and cheaply worked.

At the end of each week Dan received nine dollars for his work, and he felt that he was doing well.

Captain Hickman had generously allowed him full time from the day of their starting from Springhaven, so that he had lost no time by the journey.

Work in the shaft progressed slowly, for having passed through soft ground, it was necessary to put in cribbing, and some days were spent in cutting the timbers and getting them ready for use.

They had cribbed the shaft to within some eight feet of the top, when, at a point where the ground was more soft than usual, it began to cave in. A huge bowlder became detached and fell into the shaft with a crash, knocking out a number of timbers in its descent. It was necessary to remove this and repair the damage before work could be resumed above.

Dan, who had been working at the windlass, found, when the bowlder was fastened to the rope, that he could not raise it.

"I see it is too heavy for you," said the captain, who had gone down to the bottom of the shaft to send up the waste. "Just wait a moment and I'll be there to bear a hand."

Having been a sailor, he found no difficulty in climbing the rope, and on reaching the surface, he placed himself at one end of the windlass, while Dan stood at the other and they began to hoist the bowlder.

"Why, it feels as if it were fastened to the bottom," declared the captain, as he tugged at the windlass. "You couldn't have moved it, Dan."

"I should think not. But these flint rocks are heavy."

"They are that."

The bowlder was soon landed, and as it was dumped into the waste pile it rolled down a steep incline, and coming in contact with a flint bowlder, a portion of it was broken off.

Captain Hickman stood gazing at it in a sort of dazed wonder. Then he leaped down the dump and began to examine it.

"Dan," he said, with visible excitement, "it is lead!"

"What! is it possible?"

Dan leaped quickly to the captain's side and stood staring at the broken bowlder. It was lead. A single glance was sufficient to establish the fact.

"It won't weigh less than three hundred pounds!" announced Captain Hickman, as he bent to turn it over. "Isn't it a beauty?"

"It is indeed!" cried Dan, joyfully. "And to think we missed it in sinking!"

"It isn't the first time such a thing has happened. It is lucky for us that it caved. We might never have discovered it."

A crowd quickly gathered, for a rich strike in the lead mines is always an important event.

"It's the biggest chunk of lead that was ever brought to the surface in these diggin's!" exclaimed a miner. He grasped the captain's hand. "Let's shake," he added. "I want to shake a lucky man's hand. It may be the nearest I'll come to any luck!"

He laughed good-humoredly.

"I hope not," responded Hickman. "I wish you good luck."

A number of others crowded about the captain to offer him congratulations.

"I want to see that chunk of mineral weighed," cried one.

"So do I," sanctioned another.

"All right gentlemen," responded the captain. "I'd like to see it weighed myself. Where can we get some scales?"

"Yonder is the mineral wagon," broke in one of the crowd. "The driver'll weigh it for us."

Some one signaled to him, and he drove up to the mine.

"What have you got there?" he asked, smiling. "Not a baby to be weighed?"

"If it is, it's a buster!" laughed a miner. "Git out an' come an' see."

The driver climbed from his seat and joined the crowd that was collected about the lump of mineral. He whistled.

"Whew! it is a buster, and no mistake," he exclaimed. "Just struck it?"

"Got it out just a minute or two ago," replied the captain.

"It's a fine strike," commented the driver.

He took a pair of steelyards and tripod from the wagon, such as are used at the mines, and placed them in position.

The crowd gathered around the huge piece of mineral and three of them lifted it into the iron-bound receptacle suspended from the steelyards.

"Put in that piece that was broken off," suggested a bystander.

"That's right. It was all one piece when it came out."

While the weigher was adjusting the steelyards, various guesses as to the weight of the mineral were made by the crowd.

One said three hundred pounds, another three hundred and fifty, and some guessed as low as two hundred.

"She weighs just four hundred and twelve pounds," announced the weigher.

"Hurrah fer the Merry Goose mine!" shouted a miner, and the crowd responded with a will.

"Thank you, gentlemen," responded the captain. "I accept the name. After this the mine will be known as the 'Merry Goose'."

This was answered by a cheer from the crowd.

"I'd almost be willin' ter be a goose myself if I could make such a strike," remarked a miner from across the creek, and many other pleasantries were engaged in by the crowd.

After the crowd dispersed the captain and Dan returned to their work.

"The first thing to be done now," remarked the captain, "is to take a look at the place where the mineral came from, and get ready to start a drift."

CHAPTER XXII.

It was necessary to construct a platform in the shaft at the point where the drift was to be started, and this took the rest of the day.

—The captain worked in the ground, while Dan ran the windlass. As the drift was but eight feet from the surface, Dan found the work by no means heavy.

The deposit of float proved a rich one, and at the close of the following day they had taken out about four thousand pounds of lead ore.

"That isn't bad for the first day," commented Hickman, as he surveyed the pile of wash dirt with satisfaction. "It will bring pretty close to ninety dollars."

"That's splendid," agreed Dan.

"Well, now that we have made a strike," remarked the captain, "we shall have to increase our force. We shall need a washplace, a sluice and jig, and men to operate them."

It took the rest of the week to get everything in shape for operating the mine and washing the mineral, and at the end of the second week the turn-in from the Merry Goose mine amounted to three hundred and forty dollars.

Dan's pay was now increased to two dollars a day, and an experienced miner was hired to assist with the work below.

One day Sid Akers made his appearance at the mine, and asked for permission to scrap in the waste dump.

"Wade right in and get all you can, sonny," the captain said. He sat down on the dump and talked with the boy while the latter was at work.

"How much do you make a day?" the captain asked.

"About forty or fifty cents."

"Are your parents alive?"

"Only my mother, sir."

"And you help make the living?"

"Yes, sir."

"What does your mother do?"

"Takes in washing when she can get it."

"Does she get much to do?"

"Not much, sir. Sometimes she makes only a dollar a week."

"Can you both live on that?"

"We have to, sir, with what I make."

"Would your mother take a couple of boarders?"

"I think so, sir. She kept boarders in Fairville before we lost our home."

"Then I'll go and see her."

Sid accompanied him to the widow's cabin. He found Mrs. Akers working over a steaming tub. The cabin contained but one room, with a shed on the north side which was used for a kitchen.

The place had a tidy appearance, despite the evidences of poverty.

"This is Captain Hickman, who has come to see you about board," said Sid.

"I am glad to meet you, Captain Hickman," she said, wiping her hands, and placing a chair for the visitor. "I hope you will excuse my appearance. I am washing and haven't had time to put things in order."

"Don't mention it," implored the captain. "We all have our work to do and can't stop to brush up every moment. If you could see the confusion of things at my camp, you would never think of apologizing to me. Your son has just told me that you might be induced to take a couple of boarders, and I have called to see you about it."

"Why, I doubt if you could put up with the accommodations," she replied.

"You need have no fears on that score," hastily assured the captain. "We have our own quarters, of course, and shall simply come here for our meals."

"I shall be glad to have you and your friend for boarders if my poor cabin is fit for your accommodation."

"Then we may as well consider the matter as settled. Now, what shall your charges be?"

The widow hesitated a moment.

Remarkable Treatment for Epilepsy or Fits.

Kansas City Doctor Treats This Disease With Unusual Success.

Sends a Large 16-oz. Bottle Free to All Sufferers Who Write Him.

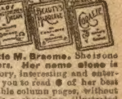
The remarkable success which F. E. Grant, a physician, located at 504 Raymond Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., is having in the treatment of Epilepsy, Fits, or Falling Sickness is attracting wide attention. To test his treatment the Doctor sent some of it to people who had been suffering for years, and to their delight they state that his treatment cured them.

Dr. Grant is anxious to help everyone afflicted with this dreadful disease. He sends a free 16-oz. bottle to any sufferer who will write him, giving name, age and express office. If you have this disease write him at once.

CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME'S BOOKS GIVEN AWAY

Lady Gwendoline's Dream The Mystery of Birchall Coralie
Beauty's Marriage On Her Wedding Morn The Coquette's Victim

REMEMBER We will not send you merely your choice of one of these books, but **all six** of them, just as listed opposite, for your trouble in sending your subscription to Everyday Life at 25c a year and 5c extra to help pay postage, or 30c in all. **You all know Charlotte M. Braeme.** She is one of the world's most fascinating writers. **Her name alone is** enough to guarantee a good strong story, interesting and entertainingly told. Here is a chance for you to read 6 of her best books free, aggregating 192 large double column pages, without costing you a cent. Everyday Life is a charming, illustrated monthly paper of interest to all members of the family. You can get the paper **one year** and a whole season's great reading for only **30c.** If already a subscriber to this greatest of monthly papers your subscription will be renewed from time it expires or you can send a subscription of a friend. Anyway don't miss this great chance. **Everyday Life, Dept. H 51 Chicago, Ill.**



SEND us a trial order TODAY for HAYNER fine old Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey on our positive guarantee you will find it the richest, purest, most delicious whiskey you ever tasted—or it will not cost you one cent.

THAT guarantee is as fair and square as we know how to make it. It means what it says. It is a guarantee backed by our $500,000 capital and our 46 years reputation for honorable business dealings.

Send us your order for four quarts of this magnificent Hayner Private Stock Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey. When it arrives, open one, two or all of the bottles—TRY the whiskey—and if you don't find it all that we claim, and up to your highest expectations in every way, send it back at our expense—and we will return every cent of your money.

You see, WE MUST MAKE GOOD—we must send you a quality that will win your instant favor—and we will do it.

Note the price—only 80 cents a quart (express paid) for this highest grade bottled-in-bond whiskey—a whiskey that is distilled, aged and bottled under U. S. Government supervision—and every bottle sealed with the Government's official bottled-in-bond stamp—positive assurance that it is a STRAIGHT whiskey—fully aged—full 100% proof—and full measure—and absolutely PURE to the very last drop.

4 FULL QUARTS $3.20

IN STRONG SEALED CASE

WE PAY EXPRESS CHARGES

GUARANTEED UNDER THE FOOD AND DRUGS ACT JUNE 30 1906 SERIAL NO. 1401
HAYNER
PRIVATE STOCK
WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND
THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY
DISTILLERY NO 2 10th DISTRICT, TROY, OHIO
OFFICES & SHIPPING DEPOTS
ST. LOUIS, MO. DAYTON, OHIO ST. PAUL, MINN.
JACKSONVILLE, FLA. NEW ORLEANS

LET us show you what a magnificent quality we are producing. Let us convince you of the great saving our "DIRECT FROM DISTILLERY" plan of selling means to you.

Don't put it off. Use the coupon below—fill it out and mail it to our nearest Office and Shipping Depot—and we will surprise and delight you with the quality of the goods we will send you.

Remember, you take no chances. WE take all the risk—and we stand all the expense if we fail to please you.

No letter is necessary—

Cut Out and Use This Coupon

THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY

Enclosed find $3.20 for which send me FOUR full quart bottles of Hayner Private Stock Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey—express paid—as per your offer. It is understood that if this whiskey is not found as represented and satisfactory to me in every way, it may be returned at your expense—and my $3.20 is to be promptly refunded. B-30

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

No orders filled for less than 4 quarts

Orders for Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah, Washington or Wyoming must be on the basis of 4 Quarts for $4.00 by Express Prepaid or 20 Quarts for $15.20 by Freight Prepaid. 4-N

DISTILLERY
TROY, OHIO
Established 1866

ADDRESS OUR NEAREST OFFICE **THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY, DEPT. B-30**

Dayton, O. Boston, Mass. St. Louis, Mo. Kansas City, Mo. St. Paul, Minn. New Orleans, La. Jacksonville, Fla.

"Would eight dollars a week for the two be too much?" she asked.

"It isn't enough," objected the captain. "I will willingly pay you fifteen, and we shall not expect any Delmonico fare."

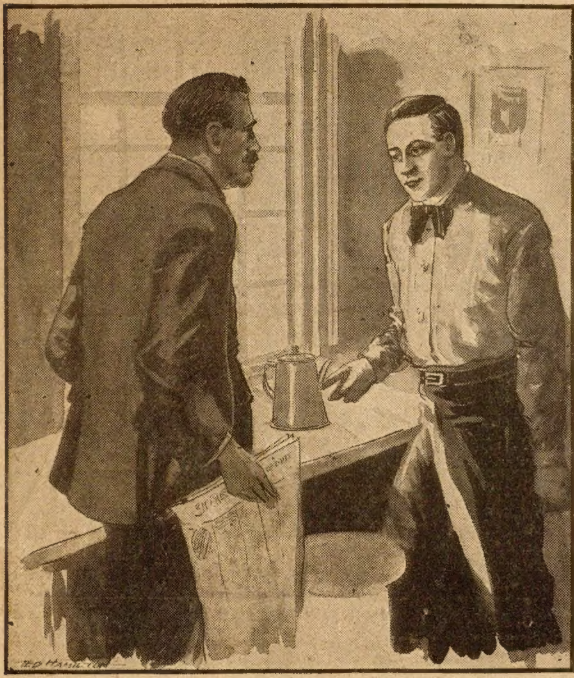
Tears came into the poor widow's eyes.

"Oh, sir, I don't know how to thank you," she said.

"I hope you won't try," responded the captain. "You may need a little capital to begin on," he added, drawing a roll of bills from his pocketbook, "so I may as well pay you something in advance," and he placed thirty dollars in her hand.

Mrs. Akers sat down in a chair near the door and covered her face with her hands.

"Everything seemed so dark a few moments ago," she said with a sob, "and it looked as if God had deserted me. Oh, sir, forgive me, but you don't know what it is to be suddenly lifted from the depths of poverty as your kindness has done to me."



"How would you like to take a trip to Kansas City?"

The captain was deeply moved by the poor widow's emotion.

"I know what it is to be poor," he said, sympathetically, "and the world has often looked dark to me, but I have never entirely lost hope. We have been promised that our burdens shall not be greater than we can bear."

"I know it," she said. "You have taught me a lesson, and have proved a teacher as well as a benefactor."

Sid, who could hardly understand his mother's apparent grief over their good fortune, looked questioningly from her to the captain.

"Ma's a bully cook—when she has things," he ventured.

Mrs. Akers lifted her face and smiled through her tears. The captain laughed.

"Well, Sid," he said, "we shall see that she has things, and I'm sure we shall not complain of our fare. Can we come tomorrow?"

"Oh, certainly," replied the widow, "and I want you to come for breakfast."

"Thank you, we shall be on hand."

"Your friend is the boy who works for you?" asked Mrs. Akers.

"Yes—Dan Newton, and an excellent boy he is," nodded the captain.

"Sid has told me about him, and I am sure I shall like to have him for a boarder. He is a hero in Sid's eyes, and from what I have heard of him, I am inclined to share in Sid's opinion."

"You would have hard work convincing Dan Newton that he is a hero," smiled the captain.

"Like all real heroes. I can well understand that. You and the boy have been keeping bachelors' hall?"

"Yes, in a tent," said the captain.

"It is difficult to do cooking under such circumstances. I know by experience. We moved a long distance by wagon some years ago, cooking over a campfire three times a day, and I don't care to repeat the experience."

"So I should imagine. I have knocked about the frontier a bit in my time and have been my own cook more than once. But one soon tires of his own cook'ng."

"I shall try to have you a good breakfast."

"I am quite sure of that. And now I'll go back and notify Dan of our new arrangements. I guess he's as tired as I am of our own cooking."

As he was leaving the widow's cabin he fell in with a miner who was passing.

"Did you hear of the big strike over on Big Creek?" asked the miner.

"Not a word," replied Hickman.

"Well, they have struck it rich over there. I'm going over to take a look at it this evening. I'll drop round and let you know what I think of it when I get back."

"Thanks, I wish you would. Is it lead or jack?"

"Both, I think."

"I'm glad to hear it. There'll be a big rush over there, no doubt. Who owns the land?"

"The Paddington Mining Company. The company will be giving leases now on lots, and if the strike is as big as has been reported, I mean to register on one."

CHAPTER XXIII.

The next morning, when Captain Hickman and Dan presented themselves at the widow's cabin, they found a most tempting breakfast awaiting them.

Everything about the place presented a clean and tidy appearance, and the countenance of Mrs. Akers beamed with new hope and pleasure.

Captain Hickman noticed this with a feeling of deep satisfaction, when he thought of what a transformation a little act of consideration had wrought in the poor widow's household.

That evening Dan wrote a letter to his aunt and one to Judge Turkington, giving a full account of the events that had taken place since his arrival.

"I am now getting two dollars a day and board," he wrote to his aunt in conclusion, "so I am able to lay by quite a sum each week. I am sending you fifty dollars, the amount given me by the smelting company, of which I told you in the beginning. This you may keep for me, or use if needed. I shall send you other sums from time to time and continue making you my banker. Captain Hickman's mine is proving quite a bonanza, and is considered the best shallow run in the diggings. As I before stated, the striking of the run was purely accidental, so you see how near one may come to making a rich strike and then miss it.

"Remember me to Ray and Bessie, with love for all,

"Your affectionate nephew,

"DAN NEWTON."

By the end of the fourth week the Merry Goose mine had produced more than a hundred thousand pounds of mineral, netting something over two thousand dollars.

It was now necessary to sink a new shaft on the run, and after this was done a set of hands were put to work sinking the old shaft on down, as it was expected that a better and more permanent run of mineral would be discovered.

Early in September it began to rain, and soon most of the mines were so flooded with water that it was necessary to stop work. Just when it was expected that the rain would cease, the heaviest deluge of all occurred.

The flood came late at night, and it was near five o'clock in the morning when the captain and Dan were awakened by the sound of roaring waters. They got up hastily, and drawing on their clothes, lighted a huge tin torch which the captain had brought with him on his voyage down the river.

The sound of rushing waters came hoarsely from down the valley, and as Captain Hickman and Dan hurried in that direction, they were appalled at the sight that met their gaze.

The little creek that ran through the valley was fast becoming a roaring river, and dimly through the driving rain, they could see the little cabin in which Mrs. Akers lived, half-submerged in the rapidly rising waters.

The peril of the inmates of the cabin was evident, and faintly above the roar of the waters came a cry for help.

It was impossible to reach the cabin except through a rapidly flowing current that was from six to eight feet in depth, but the captain waved the torch in response to the cry and shouted that help would soon be at hand.

"We must get the boat to the water somehow," cried Dan.

"Exactly," replied the captain, "and we haven't got any time to lose!"

Both ran up the hill as fast as they could, and a few moments later the Merry Goose was being emptied of its stores which were hastily piled in the tent. Then the work of getting the boat to the water was commenced.

By this time the gray light of dawn was breaking through leaden clouds, and those who dwelt near the creek were up and astir, having been roused by the sound of the rising waters.

A couple of miners, seeing Dan and the captain at work trying to get the boat to the water, ran and gave their assistance. The four fairly ran down the incline with the craft, and soon the Merry Goose was launched on the turbid stream.

Ben Hickman was at home on the water, and Dan was by no means a poor hand at the oar, and the two quickly leaped aboard, seizing the oars as they did so, and sending the Merry Goose out into the current.

By this time a number of people had collected along the shore of the creek, and the peril of Mrs. Akers and her son in the little cabin was quickly discovered. For a moment they were appalled at the situation, but as they saw the captain and Dan launch the Merry Goose on the turbid waters, a hearty cheer went up from the crowd, and many hurried forward to give any assistance in their power.

As the boat was pushed out into the stream, Mrs. Akers and Sid could be seen sitting on the roof of the cabin, which now threatened to be swept away by the rushing waters that swirled and foamed about its walls.

Their peril was extreme, and recognizing this, the captain and Dan bent to the oars with all their energy and strength. But having to make their way against a strong current, their progress was slow.

Fear-stricken, but calm, the widow clung to the comb of the roof, watching the approaching boat with muttered prayers for her safety and for the safety of those who were coming to her rescue. At her side, clasping his mother's hand, was Sid, who, less frightened than his mother, watched with the deepest interest the slow approach of the boat.

"It's a bully thing for Captain Hickman and Dan to come and get us," he murmured, "and it was a bully thing that they had the big goose boat handy."

As the boat approached the cabin, it was watched with breathless interest by the crowd on the shore. With a skillful turn, the captain brought it around into the edgy just below the cabin, and the next instant it was made fast to one of the projecting logs.

ONE FULL BOTTLE
Whiskey FREE!

EXTRA Beautiful Whiskey Glass and Patent Cork Screw Free with each order

In order to prove a really good straight whiskey, we find it necessary to let the people try a bottle of Brookland Club to find out for themselves how far superior it is to other whiskey; we therefore offer to send a free bottle of Brookland Club Whiskey to test, and this is how we do it:

Send us $3.15 for four full quart bottles, or $5.75 for eight full quart bottles, express prepaid—we will send along one test bottle with each four quarts. Open the test bottle when received, add one-half water to the bottle, and if you don't say you have two bottles of better whiskey than you are in the habit of buying from mail order houses, return the rest of the bottles and we will return your money and you can have the test bottle free. Brookland Club Whiskey is straight whiskey, pure, with strength and excellent for medicinal purposes.

Four quarts of Brookland Club Whiskey with the same amount of water added will make eight quarts of better whiskey than these cheap mail order goods. Money refunded if not satisfied.

Express Prepaid. Address F. W. Kamp, Sec'y, or
Kamp Distilling Co., 361 N. Main St., St. Louis, Mo.

BROOKLAND
CLUB
WHISKEY
GUARANTEED UNDER THE PURE FOOD ACT
BOTTLED BY
KAMP DISTILLING CO.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

I'll Rid You of Your Asthma

I Will Send You A Free Trial Of My Treatment To Prove Its Wonderful Effects.

For years and years, thousands of sufferers have been following the beaten path in the treatment of Asthma,—and they are still gasping and clutching for breath.

Quick Relief With My Treatment. Try It And Prove It.

The ordinary so-called "remedies" are but habitual failures. I have tried them all. I am a physician. Day and night for years I almost felt as if the hand of death was clutching at my throat, and that every breathless struggle would be my last.

I exhausted medical books in a vain search for a cure. At last I discovered my own treatment, used it, and if an angel had come and carried me suddenly aloft I could not have been more surprised at its results.

I ask no asthma sufferer to believe me. I am known only by my works. I want to prove to you that this treatment not only actually cures, but cures permanently. I do not ask a cent. All you have to do is to send me your name and address and I will send you a free trial treatment of my asthma remedy, as quick as the mail can bring it to you.

Send your letter to me, Dr. W. K. Walrath, Box 142, Adams, New York. Friends, I want to rescue you from those blood-curdling, "smothered-alive" spasms forever. Will you let me prove I can do it? Not only asthma but hay fever and bronchitis disappear gloriously by the use of the treatment. Write me today.

ELEGANT THIN MODEL 20 YEAR WATCH

Hunting case, beautifully engraved, gold finished throughout, stem wind & stem set, fitted with 7 ruby jeweled American lever movement, guaranteed 20 years with long gold plated chain for Ladies or vest chain for Gents

$3.95

20 Year Guarantee

IF YOU SEE IT YOU WILL BUY IT.. Let us send it without expense to you C. O. D. express charges paid by us, for examination at your nearest express office and if you think it a bargain and equal in appearance to any $16.00 gold finished watch pay the express agent $3.95 and it is yours. Mention if you want Ladies, Men's or Boys' size.

M. C. FARBER, E13, 219 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

TRAPPERS

Get More Money For Your Furs

Don't ship anyone furs till you get *Our Free Bulletin* quoting cash prices we actually pay for *Coon, Mink, Opossum* and other furs. We charge no commissions. Write today for Free Bulletin, it will pay you big.

National Fur & Wool Co.
320 Main Street, St. Louis, Mo.

FITS EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS

can be relieved, and quickly too. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study and have hundreds of testimonials from persons who have used my remedy. Do not despair if others have failed. Send at once for treatise and a Free Bottle of my treatment. Give Express and Post-office Address.

W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar Street, New York.

PILES CURED AT HOME BY NEW ABSORPTION METHOD.

If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and wil also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write today to Mrs. M. Summers, Box 457, South Bend, Ind.

30 TRANSFER PATTERNS FREE

To quickly introduce our new fancy work magazine, teaching all popular embroideries, showing newest designs in shirt waists, corset covers, hats, scarfs, centers, etc., we send it three months for only 10c and give free the famous Briggs Stamping Outfit, all complete, containing over 30 transfer latest stamping patterns and full instructions. Address

Household Fancy Work Club Dept. 80, Topeka, Kan.

ALL FOUR RINGS

given to anyone who sells 12 pieces of jewelry at 10c each and when sold sends us the money $1.20. Send back any not sold. We trust you.

THE CARTER CO., WARREN, R. I.

PATENTS SECURED or Fee Returned.

Free reports as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book, and List of Inventions Wanted, sent free.

Victor J. Evans & Co., Washington, D. C.

The captain now leaped upon the roof of the shanty and began to assist Mrs. Akers and Sid down the slope, while Dan remained in the boat, oar in hand, alert and watchful, lest some of the floating driftwood that thickly dotted the stream should collide with the Merry Goose. The craft was trembling violently in the swirl of the rushing waters, and was tugging persistently at the rope under the pressure of the rapid current.

Suddenly there came a cry of terror from the lips of Mrs. Akers, as she lost her footing and fell. She clung desperately to Hickman, who, in his efforts to save her, almost lost his balance. The shock swept Sid from his feet, and slipping from the captain's grasp, he rolled down the sloping roof. Dan, who had witnessed the accident, made a heroic effort to grasp the boy as he fell from the wet boards, and might have done so but for the sudden lurching of the boat. A moment later, with a cry of fear, Sid fell into the stream and went down amid the foaming waters.

CHAPTER XXIV.

As Sid fell and disappeared into the turbid stream, a cry of horror came from the crowd on the shore, and a low wail of agony fell from the lips of Mrs. Akers.

Few things are more deceptive and treacherous than a swollen stream. The most practiced swimmer can never tell just where the eddies and under and cross currents may lie hidden. Captain Hickman was well aware of this, and realized the danger that menaced Sid when he saw the youth slip from the roof of the cabin and fall into the stream.

Had he not been encumbered with one burden already, he would have sprung to the rescue of Sid, but the thought had scarcely crossed his mind when he saw Dan kick off his shoes, throw aside his coat, and without a moment's hesitation, leap into the roaring stream.

As Dan struck the water, he went down and vanished from sight, and the applause that greeted the brave act was instantly silenced by the sudden and awful fear that the brave boy had gone to his death.

Two bold swimmers from the shore leaped into the stream and swam swiftly in the direction of where the two boys had gone down, but the distance was so great and the current so swift that it seemed almost a forlorn hope.

The foaming waters, flecked with floating debris, swept on, and amid a deathly silence the crowd on the shore watched and waited in painful anxiety.

Meantime, Captain Hickman had got Mrs. Akers safely into the boat, and he now threw off the fastening and with vigorous oar, sent the craft down stream in the direction of where the two boys had gone down.

And still nothing could be seen of Dan nor of the youth he had gone to rescue.

Every moment seemed like an age. The distracted widow wrung her hands in agony as she stood in the swaying boat scanning the waters eagerly.

Presently, far down the stream, a dark object rose, and the next instant the white face of Dan appeared above the foam of the water. With one hand he held the limp form of Sid, and with the other he battled bravely to keep afloat.

A mighty cheer went up from the shore—a heart-felt cheer—that rose and swelled above the roar of the rushing stream. Hats were tossed in the air, handkerchiefs were waved, and there was a general demonstration of joy.

The moment Dan rose to the surface of the stream with his helpless burden, Captain Hickman saw him, and with a powerful sweep of the oar, sent the boat toward the spot. A few moments later he was within reach of the swimmer and Dan and the unconscious Sid were drawn into the boat, amid hearty cheers from the crowd ashore. The two men who had swum to the rescue were also taken aboard, and then the Merry Goose was quickly put ashore.

By this time Sid had recovered consciousness, and he was soon able to go with his mother to the cabin of a miner that was placed at their disposal.

Meantime, the Merry Goose was used to convey the widow's household goods ashore, such of them as could be recovered, and the work had scarcely been done when the shanty was carried away by the rising waters.

When the work was done and the rain had ceased, a score of willing hands were ready to help in returning the Merry Goose to the captain's camp. Everywhere Dan was greeted as a hero, but he modestly managed to divert the subject.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this rattling, good boys' story. They have great times. Read it to the end and see. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

* * *

Singleness of Purpose.

"A man should follow a determined course regardless of obstacles or criticism," said the resolute idealist.

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "But so many of you are that way only when you waltz!"

Order FULTON by Mail

GREAT UNEQUALED

Kentucky's Straight Whiskey

Express Prepaid from Distiller Direct to You

2 Gallons for $5.

3 for $7.50 or 1 for $3, choice of Rye, Bourbon or Corn Fulton Straight whiskey highest medicinal thoroughly matured, in Myers patent 1 gallon demijohns. To prove Fulton is best you need

send no money

We ship on thirty days' credit if you have your merchant or bank write us guaranteeing account. No C.O.D. **Full Quart Bottles** of Rye, Bourbon or Corn are expressed prepaid in plain boxes, either 4 for $3., 8 for $6, or 12 for $9. FREE—4 miniature bottles of Selected Fulton with every 2 gallon order, 6 with 3 gallon orders, accompanied by cash. If not satisfied with whiskey return; and, if paid for, all your money will be refunded by first mail.

Address **MYERS & COMPANY,** WAREHOUSE NO. 172 COVINGTON, KY.

SOLE OWNERS U.S. REGISTERED DISTILLERY No. 22, 6TH DIST. OF KY.

Orders from Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah, Washington or Wyoming must call for either 20 full quart bottles, or 6 gallons in demijohns, or a cask, for $15.00 by prepaid freight. Write for express terms for these States.

Write for our book, A Fair Customer, and price list sealed.

In a Plain Box
FULTON
2 Gallons
IN DEMIJOHNS
$5
Or 4 Full
QUARTS
$3
FULTON PURE RYE WHISKEY
MYERS
PATENT

Burlington Special

SMASHING WATCH OFFER!

This is the Genuine Burlington Special.

Our very finest watch and the absolute peer of any watch made in the world today. It is, of course, impossible to give a full description here, but we submit this short outline so that you may have some idea of how this perfect masterpiece is constructed.

ADJUSTED TO TEMPERATURE The watch is put into a refrigerator and run for 24 hours, then it is put into an oven of 100 degrees temperature and run for 24 hours. Then it is run in normal temperature for 24 hours. This process is continued until the watch runs the same in all temperatures. Not 10 per cent of all watches made are adjusted to temperature.

ADJUSTED TO ISOCHRONISM A careful adjustment so that the speed of a watch when it is fully wound up is the same as when it is almost run down. Not more than four watches out of every one hundred watches made in the United States have this adjustment.

ADJUSTED TO POSITION Adjusting a watch to position is adjusting it so it runs the same in various positions. You can easily see is a watch is to run absolutely accurate the friction of the bearings must be exactly the same for different positions. This adjustment is never attempted on more than a very, very minute percentage of all watches made in the United States.

THE JEWELS used are the finest grade of selected genuine imported ruby and sapphire jewels, absolutely flawless. Nineteen of these chosen gems protect every point. It is well understood in the railroad business that 19 jewels is the proper number for maximum efficiency. Nineteen jewels is regarded by experts as the best number for a perfect watch, more jewels often being a source of complication rather than service. The smaller size ladies' watch has 17 jewels, giving this watch the protection needed for a lifetime of service.

DOUBLE JEWELS—that is, bearings with two jewels each are used in the Burlington. A watch so jeweled requires very much less attention than watches jeweled in any other way.

MAIN SPRING The two points in which Americans have yet to compete with the Swiss are mainspring and hairspring. Although watch springs are made now in almost all parts of the world, no one has ever been able to equal these Swiss springs. The strain is almost absolutely constant, no matter whether the watch is fully wound or is nearly run down. The Swiss springs used in the Burlington Watch do not crystalize with usage and breakage is very rare. These springs will run a watch from 32 to 36 hours.

SWISS BREGUET HAIRSPRING are imported for the same reason as the important mainspring. They are far better than any other hairspring made.

THE U SPRING REGULATOR allows adjustments to the smallest fraction of a second.

FACTORY FITTED Every Burlington Special movement is fitted into the case right at the factory where the movement was made—into a case made for that watch. No looseness or wearing of parts against the sides of the case. No rattle or jar.

OUR DIRECT GUARANTEE means that we will make good on any just complaint either as to workmanship or material, in either watch or case, at any time, without red tape or formality. Note, we do not say within ten or twenty years, but at any time. Our guarantee, of course, does not include cleaning or breakages caused by carelessness or accidents, or tinkering with the watch; but, if anything is found wrong with the watch in any way, we will replace the part complained of, or we will repair the watch free of charge, or we will give you a new watch absolutely free, as you may elect. Note: This guarantee is good for 25 years, yes, and longer than 25 years; for any length of time if anything is found wrong with the material—absolutely without restriction.

WRITE TODAY for our Free Watch Book explaining every detail of the Burlington Watch.

Our great fight against the Watch Trust is **Now on.** We are **determined** to maintain our **independent Burlington line.** And so we are making this offer—the most startling, the most overwhelming offer ever known in the whole history of the watch industry. A more liberal offer to **you, the consumer,** than any other concern would dare to make to the biggest wholesalers.

Trust Prices Smashed

At last! An absolutely perfect watch, the magnificent Burlington Special, at a price and on terms within the reach of all. For we are waging the fiercest battle against trust methods ever known in the history of this country. We **will NOT** be bound by any system, no matter how powerful. We call the great factories a trust because they have perfected a system of contracts and agreements with dealers everywhere, which enables them to fix prices and control trade. We do not say that the Watch Trust is illegal. But we do insist that their system of "quiet" agreements and price-boosting contracts is very, very unfair.

The Watch Trust has cornered the dealers, but we are determined to win this fight **no matter what it costs.** So we have decided to offer our very finest watch, the unparalleled Burlington Special, **direct to the public** on a staggering offer which must simply annihilate unfair competition.

Here Is Our Offer You may get our finest watch at the anti-trust price and besides, if you act at once, you may secure the splendid Burlington Special at the no-dealer price, without profits added—exactly the same price which the wholesale jeweler himself must pay. Think—the quality watch, the world's masterpiece of watch manufacture, for less than half the price usually asked for watches even approaching this one in quality.

AND WITHOUT MONEY DOWN—We will send the watch to any responsible person without asking you for a single cent in advance. There are no formalities. There is not the slightest obligation on your part of any kind or nature except to compare it carefully with any watch you ever saw, no matter what the price. Then, if not satisfactory, you may return it to us at our expense. But if you find this watch the most stupendous bargain you ever dreamed of, just slip the watch into your pocket and pay us the Rock-Bottom price, either in cash or on terms of $2.50 a month, just as you prefer.

☞ You pay exactly the same price whether you buy for cash or on time. We allow the public the advantage of these $2.50 a month terms, in order to quickly attract national attention to our great anti-trust fight. So that everybody can afford to get a Burlington watch at once.

Watch Book Free Our remarkable Watch Book now sent free on request. We are determined that the public shall be posted on the startling conditions existing in the watch industry **throughout** the entire country. We want the public to know the real truth, the inside truth about watch prices and watch values. The Secret selling methods, price-boosting contracts, "quiet" agreements to uphold prices—all are completely explained in this book. Besides, we tell you the whole story of our great anti-trust fight and our $1,000 challenge to giant competitors.

Write NOW for the Free Watch Book at once. If you would like to own a good watch—if you ever expect to own one, you should send for this great book without an instant's delay. You ought to know the facts about these inside prices. You ought to be able to judge watch values for yourself. Besides, we also explain our wonderful anti-trust offer direct to the consumer. No obligations. Just send us a postal or letter, or your name and address on this coupon. The Watch Book and full particulars will be sent you at once, FREE, prepaid.

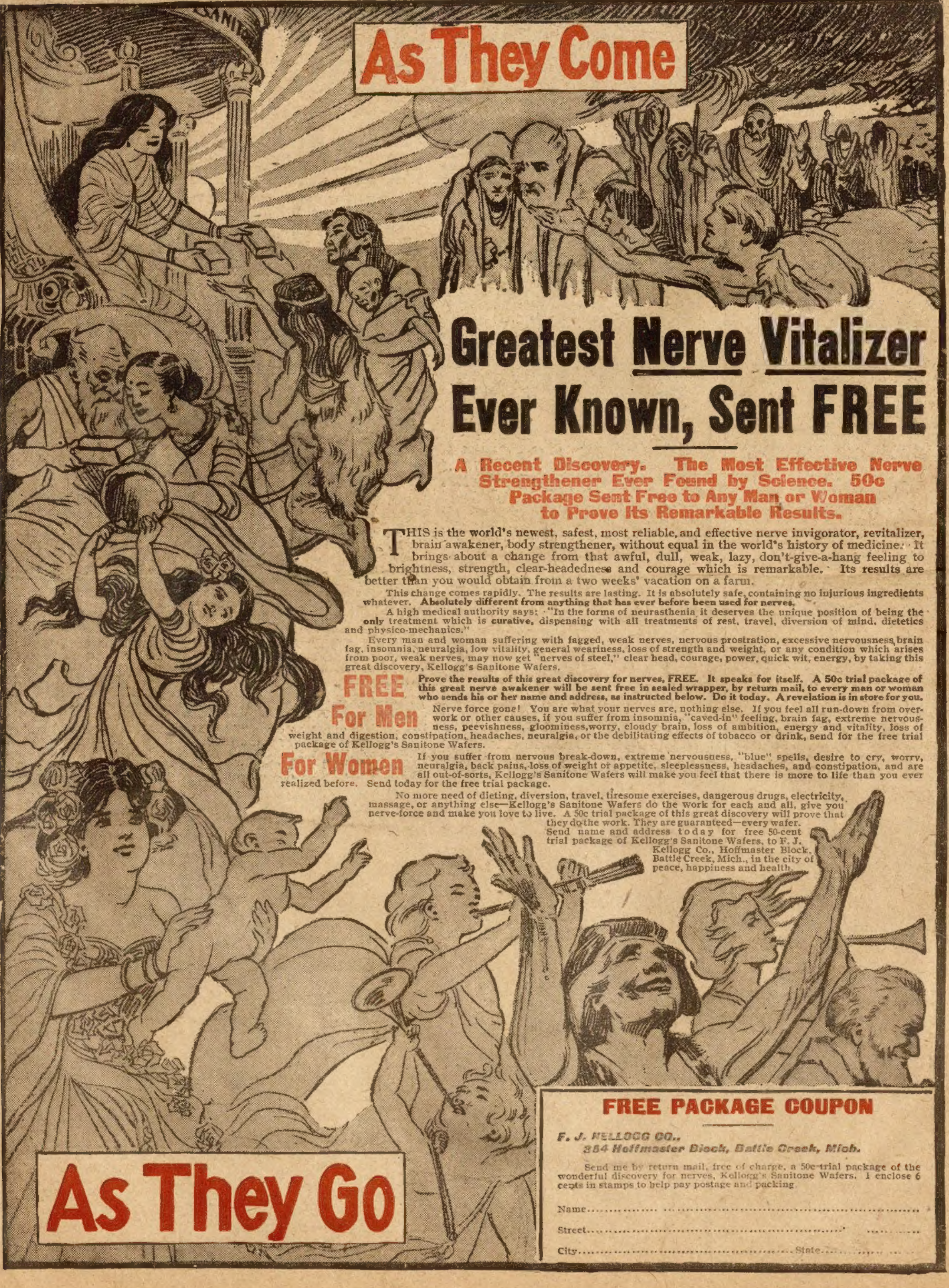
BURLINGTON WATCH CO.
Dept. 5027
19th and Marshall Blvd.
CHICAGO, ILL.

Burlington Watches

BURLINGTON WATCH CO., Dept. 5027 19th and Marshall Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me, without obligation and prepaid, your free book on watches and copy of your $1,000 challenge to the giant factories with full explanation of your cash or $2.50 a month offer on the Burlington Special.
Name ....
Address ....

A GRAND DISCOVERY

MAILED FREE TO ALL



Greatest Nerve Vitalizer Ever Known, Sent FREE

A Recent Discovery. The Most Effective Nerve Strengthener Ever Found by Science. 50c Package Sent Free to Any Man or Woman to Prove Its Remarkable Results.

THIS is the world's newest, safest, most reliable, and effective nerve invigorator, revitalizer, brain awakener, body strengthener, without equal in the world's history of medicine. It brings about a change from that awful, dull, weak, lazy, don't-give-a-hang feeling to brightness, strength, clear-headedness and courage which is remarkable. Its results are better than you would obtain from a two weeks' vacation on a farm.

This change comes rapidly. The results are lasting. It is absolutely safe, containing no injurious ingredients whatever. **Absolutely different from anything that has ever before been used for nerves.**

A high medical authority says: "In the forms of neurasthenia it deserves the unique position of being the **only** treatment which is **curative**, dispensing with all treatments of rest, travel, diversion of mind, dietetics and physico-mechanics."

Every man and woman suffering with fagged, weak nerves, nervous prostration, excessive nervousness, brain fag, insomnia, neuralgia, low vitality, general weariness, loss of strength and weight, or any condition which arises from poor, weak nerves, may now get "nerves of steel," clear head, courage, power, quick wit, energy, by taking this great discovery, Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers.

FREE **Prove the results of this great discovery for nerves, FREE. It speaks for itself. A 50c trial package of this great nerve awakener will be sent free in sealed wrapper, by return mail, to every man or woman who sends his or her name and address, as instructed below. Do it today. A revelation is in store for you.**

For Men Nerve force gone! You are what your nerves are, nothing else. If you feel all run-down from overwork or other causes, if you suffer from insomnia, "caved-in" feeling, brain fag, extreme nervousness, peevishness, gloominess, worry, cloudy brain, loss of ambition, energy and vitality, loss of weight and digestion, constipation, headaches, neuralgia, or the debilitating effects of tobacco or drink, send for the free trial package of Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers.

For Women If you suffer from nervous break-down, extreme nervousness, "blue" spells, desire to cry, worry, neuralgia, back pains, loss of weight or appetite, sleeplessness, headaches, and constipation, and are all out-of-sorts, Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers will make you feel that there is more to life than you ever realized before. Send today for the free trial package.

No more need of dieting, diversion, travel, tiresome exercises, dangerous drugs, electricity, massage, or anything else—Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers do the work for each and all, give you nerve-force and make you love to live. A 50c trial package of this great discovery will prove that they do the work. They are guaranteed—every wafer. Send name and address today for free 50-cent trial package of Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers, to F. J. Kellogg Co., Hoffmaster Block, Battle Creek, Mich., in the city of peace, happiness and health.

FREE PACKAGE COUPON

F. J. KELLOGG CO.,
354 Hoffmaster Block, Battle Creek, Mich.

Send me by return mail, free of charge, a 50c trial package of the wonderful discovery for nerves, Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers. I enclose 6 cents in stamps to help pay postage and packing.

Name..

Street..

City.......................................State....................